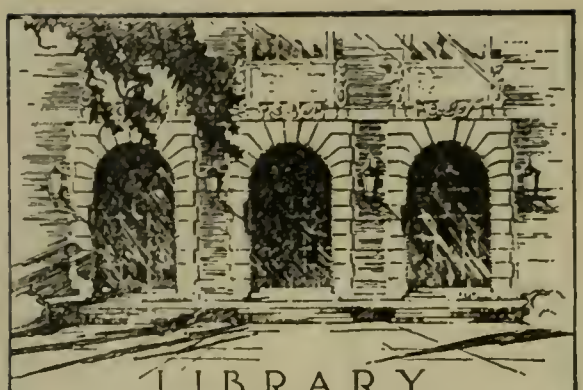

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THE VICISSITUDES OF A LIFE.

THE VICISSITUDES OF A LIFE.

A Novel.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE

VICISSITUDES OF A LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

A STRUGGLE WITH THE WORLD.

A PERIOD of wandering and of danger, of flitting from place to place, and land to land, of difficulties and distresses, of almost daily peril, of constant uncertainty as to the future, would seem to furnish matter enough for memory; but yet the period immediately succeeding my

separation from Father Bonneville, is very dim and obscure to remembrance. I staid so short a time in any place, one event trod so fast upon the heels of another, that neither scene nor event had time to fix itself firmly in memory, before, like the grass upon a public pathway, it was trodden down by passing feet.

At this time, I could speak three languages with almost equal facility: English, French, and German; but English, perhaps, I understood most thoroughly—at all events, I know, I generally thought in that language.

This facility was of very great advantage to me, and I notice it on that account, as I could pass wherever those tongues were spoken for a native of the country. It is true, I had not soon occasion to see France again; but I wandered through many parts of Switzerland, where French was in common use.

The terrible dissensions and frightful bloodshed that were going on in that once fair and

peaceful land, soon drove me forth, however, though I anxiously continued my enquiries for Father Bonneville, as long as there seemed a chance of success.

My steps were then turned towards the North of Germany, without object; and more directed by accidental circumstances, than by any predetermination of my own, I walked on foot the whole way; for the hundred louis afforded but small means, and I had learned the necessity, and the mode of economy. Fifty of those hundred louis I put by with the resolution never to touch them except in the last extremity; and no one can tell the amount of distress and privation I submitted to, rather than violate that resolution. Every thing I could part with, I disposed of before I set out: my beloved rifle amongst the rest. I had a good many little trinkets, which I had purchased in the foolish vanity of youth, but I got rid of them all, and only retained my watch, with a seal bearing a coat of arms at-

tached to it, (which seal I had possessed as long as I could remember any thing) and the ring and little gold chain which had been given to me by Madame de Salins.

My clothes were all compressed into a knapsack, and in my hunter's garb, with thick, coarse shoes upon my feet, I plodded on my weary way, over mountain and moor, through field and forest, in the town and in the country, seeking, wherever opportunity seemed to present itself, for some employment, but finding none. All I could offer to do was to teach, and the whole of Europe was so overloaded with persons in the same situation, who had been driven forth from France by the Revolution, that it was hardly possible to find any profitable occupation of that kind.

Often, often at peasant's hut, or farmer's house, I have begged a morsel of black bread, and a draught of water. Perhaps this was not very right, when I had actually money in my pocket, but yet it is a common custom in

that country, and almost every artisan, before he becomes a master in his trade, spends some years in what is called *fechting*, or in other words, begging his way from place to place. The assistance was almost always readily given, and sometimes the charity of woman would add a drink of milk, or a few kreutzers.

I was within sight of the town of Hamburgh before any chance of occupation presented itself, and then it came about in rather a singular manner. I was walking on at a quick pace, at about three miles from the city, on the same side of the Elbe, when I saw from a little garden gate, close by a small summer-house, an elderly gentleman come forth, of somewhat peculiar appearance. He was exceedingly thin, brisk and active-looking, with powdered hair and a thick *queue*, an enormous white cravat, a vast frill, and a bluish-grey cloak, somewhat threadbare. There was a keen, sharp look about his eyes and mouth, which was not very promising, and I walked on with-

out taking much notice of him. His pace, however, was as fast as my own, and we kept nearly side by side for about half-a-mile, without speaking, till we came upon a long wooden bridge, which every one who has been in Hamburgh must recollect. He had eyed me, I perceived, with great attention, and at length he burst forth.

"Well, young man," he said, "I think you might have given me good time of day, at least."

"I do not know you," I answered, "and do not like to take liberties with strangers."

"Mighty modest," rejoined he. "What's your trade?"

I explained to him, that I was seeking employment as a teacher, having been driven out of my own country by Revolution. That seemed to touch him; for he had a great abhorrence of Revolutions, and he asked me what I could teach.

I told him that I was competent to give in-

struction in Latin, Greek, Mathematics, French, English, and German.

"Hundert tausand!" he exclaimed, "the lad is an Encyclopædia. Let us see what you can do;" and immediately he poured forth a passage of Euripides, with which I was quite familiar. I rendered it at once into German, and he then made me give it him in French, which I did as well as I could, in that meagre tongue. He rubbed his hands all the time, saying—"Ha—ha."

He spoke to me in English, too, such as it was, and though his pronunciation would have made a dry salmon laugh, yet I found that he had a very thorough acquaintance with all the works of the best authors of England. The conversation soon became interesting to us both, and we went on chatting and discussing till we reached the gates of the town. There he suddenly paused, and looking at me from head to foot, exclaimed—

"So you want employment—you are poor, I dare say—very poor?"

I replied, that it was hardly possible to be poorer.

"Well, then, you must not lodge in dear inns," he said.

I told him I did not know where to lodge, as I was a stranger in the town.

"I'll tell you," he answered, "I'll tell you. You must lodge in the lower town—in the Hardt-Gasse — number five — with Widow Steinberger."

He repeated the direction over three times, and then added—

"She should board you for two dollars a week—don't give her more. Everybody asks too much, in expectation of being beaten down —a bad system, but universal."

All this time he had been continually turning himself round upon his right leg, between each two or three words, as if intending to go

away, and I perceived no inclination upon his part to help me to employment; but when he came to the end of his directions, he drew out a little note-book, wrote something in it with his usual rapidity, tore out the leaf, and gave it to me saying—

"Come to see me—come to see me. I'll think of what can be done. We'll find you employment, Polyglot," and away he turned and left me.

I then, with better hope than I had hitherto had, inquired my way to the street which he had indicated, without having curiosity enough to look at any thing but his name, which I found to be "Herman Haas."

I was a long time in finding the Hardt-Gasse, and before I did so, I plunged into many a dark and gloomy street of tall, old houses, and warehouses.

At length, the end of a little lane was pointed out to me, the appearance of which was more in harmony with the state of my finances,

than my desires. But I found, on walking up it, that the houses must, at one time, have been of some importance, judging by the size of the doors, and the ornaments which clustered round them. At number five, I stopped; and finding neither knocker or bell, opened the door and went in.

"Who's there?" screamed a voice from the right, and entering a large, dim, old-fashioned room, I found myself in the presence of a stately dame, engaged in the dignified occupation of cooking, who instantly demanded what I wanted. I found that this was no other than Madame Steinberger, herself, but before she would enter into any negotiations in regard to boarding and lodging me, she insisted upon knowing who had sent me there. When I showed her the paper, however, she exclaimed —"Professor Haas! Oh! that is another matter;" and our arrangements were soon effected.

As the professor had anticipated, she asked

more at first than she was inclined to take, but his dictum was all powerful with her, and I was soon installed in a comfortable little room, with the advantage of a large sitting-room besides, when I chose to use it, for which accommodation, with three meals in the day, I was to pay two dollars a week.

On the following morning, at the hour which my landlady told me would be most convenient, I went to call upon the professor, whom I found in his study; though how he contrived to study at all, I cannot make out; for he was in a state of continual movement—the most excitable German I ever saw.

During the greater part of the time he was talking to me, he was taking down one book and putting up another, turning over papers upon the table, dipping a pen in the ink and wiping it again, with other operations to carry off his superfluous activity. He must have been quiet at some time; for he certainly was a very learned man; but I never could discover

when it was. At length, after having asked a great number of questions, he said—

"I have got one pupil for you, to make a beginning—Come, I'll show her to you;" and leading me into another room, on the same floor, he presented me to a young lady, who sat there embroidering, as his daughter. "There," he said, "teach her English, and any thing else you can. I have no time—she is a good girl, but slow."

The young lady looked up in his face with a calm, placid smile, saying—

"If there were two such quick people as you in the house, my father, they would always be running against each other."

"True," replied the old man, "true, and philosophical. Nature loves contrasts as well as harmonies. Opposing forces counteract each other. You, my Louise, are my *vis inertiæ*. Without you I should get on too fast. But come, young gentleman—what is your name?"

"Louis de Lacy," I replied.

"I like that, I like that," answered the old man. "The *De*, speaks blood and good political principles—but come—we will settle the terms in my own room, and will try to get you something more to do by and bye."

I found the good professor had as accurate a knowledge of making a bargain, as he had of Greek or Latin. He calculated the worth of my services to a pfenning, and, as I found afterwards, if I had made the slightest opposition, would have beaten me down still lower; for he had a pleasure in such sort of triumphs. I let him arrange it all his own way, however, and left to his own generosity, he probably added a little to the sum which he had intended to give.

It was agreed that I was to teach his daughter two hours during the day, and as soon as all this was settled, he pushed me by the shoulders toward the door, saying, "There, go, begin at once. You have three hours before dinner. I must go to my recitations."

I found the way back to the room where Louise Haas was seated, and where I passed two hours of every day, for nearly nine months, and generally the greater part of every Sunday. She was a pretty creature, with small, well-shaped features, a very graceful form, though plump and rounded, and a bright, clear complexion, which varied a good deal under different emotions. Her mother had died, I found, some four or five years before, of that pest of northern countries, consumption. There was nobody in the house but herself, her father, and two women servants: hardly any society was admitted within the doors, but grave old professors, with long hair, not very well combed; and thus tutor and pupil, like Abelard and Heloise, were left alone together for many an hour—I having her father's commands to teach her English, and any thing else I could.

Father Bonneville's good lessons, however, some knowledge of the world, and many hard experiences, together with other feelings, which

I cannot well describe, prevented me from even thinking of taking any unfair advantage of my situation. It was natural, however, that in such circumstances, young acquaintance should speedily ripen into intimacy, and intimacy into friendship. Nay, it was not unnatural that little marks of kindness and tenderness should pass between us; for though very calm and gentle, she was of a loving and caressing disposition.

I found her far from dull—a very apt scholar; but sometimes there were things she could not comprehend, and then she would look smiling in my face, and ask if she was not very stupid, and let her hand drop into mine and rest there, as a messenger sent to beseech forbearance.

We were both very young; she not more than eighteen, and I about twenty, and strange new feelings began to come over my heart toward her. I will not even now say that it was love; and then, I would not inquire what it was, at all. It was a tenderness—a feeling

of gentle, quiet affection—a fondness for her society—a pleasure in seeing those soft eyes look into mine, and a gratitude for the kindness she ever showed, and took every opportunity of showing. What she felt, I learned afterwards; but let me turn once more to the course of my life in Hamburgh.

By the kind offices of the good old professor, I obtained several other pupils, and I had the great happiness of finding my income exceed my expenditure. I threw off my travelling garb; I brought out from my knapsack the clothing which I had so carefully saved: I gained admittance into some of the society of the town, and though I do not think I was ever very vain, whatever vanity I had, received some encouragement. But my favorite resort was still the professor's house. He and his daughter were my first friends in the city, and I became more and more intimate with him every day. He was pleased with the progress his daughter made, and he was also pleased with

the little assistance which I gave him, from time to time, in different works he was compiling. While I wrote for him, or looked out passages for him, he could fidget about the room at his ease, and get into every corner of it in five minutes.

At the end of a month, I had a general invitation to spend my evenings there whenever I pleased—and I did please very often. Then, after a while, I was sent with Louise to church; for she went regularly, although I can't say that the professor ever wore out the steps of any religious edifice, and I took care not to allow my Roman Catholic education to prevent my joining a Protestant congregation, with my pretty little pupil. Indeed I was hanging at this time very slightly by the skirts of the garments of Rome. I had been reading the Bible a great deal lately. I read some Romanist books also, but I found that the two did not agree, and I liked the Bible best.

Besides all this, as spring succeeded to win-

ter, and days lengthened, and suns grew warm, there was every now and then a moment of very sweet, spring-like happiness, when after attending the church, Louise and I took a farther walk, till the hour of the good professor's dinner. Sometimes we had another walk, too, in the evening, and sometimes he accompanied us to his little garden with the summer-house, near the gate of which I had first met him. It was all very delightful; and my ambition, which had once been strong and wide, had by this time shrunk to very small proportions, I could have been contented to linger on there, with every thing just as it was, for an indefinite period of time. But it must be remembered, that not one word, regarding love, ever passed between Louise and myself, except when it occurred in passages of books. I am afraid, however, that those passages, about this time, occurred very often. Louise was fond of them, and I turned them up easily for her.

Thus it went on — for I must not dwell

upon details—for about eight months, when it so miserably happened that an aunt of the professor's, somewhat younger than himself in years, but screwed up by ancient maidenhood to the sharpest and very highest tone of the human instrument, arrived. She was all eyes, ears and understanding. God knows, she might have heard every word that passed between Louise and myself, and seen all that we did too —if looks were excepted. But it so happened that at this time the influence which France exerted over Prussia was so great, that the Protectorate of the latter power over the northern circles became a mere tyranny exercised for the purposes of the French Republic, principally for the persecution of emigrants.

The position of such persons as myself became very dangerous; and the necessity of my removal from Hamburgh was more than once talked of at the professor's table, where I now dined frequently. It was even suggested that I should engage a passage in a vessel

which was about to sail in a couple of months for the United States of America.

I could not help remarking that Louise turned very pale when these things formed the subject of conversation, and during six weeks of fluctuating anxiety, I saw with sincere apprehension that she lost health and spirits. I dared not, I could not venture to take the idea to my heart that that dear, amiable little creature suffered on my account; but still I did my best to cheer and comfort her, and perhaps became a little more tender in manner and fond in words, than I had ever dared to be before. It was now always, "dear Louis" and "dear Louise;" but I do not think we went any further than that.

Often, often would she ask me questions regarding my past history, and as much was told her as I knew myself. She seemed to take a deep interest in it; but as it was a subject of deep interest to me, that I looked upon as natural. However, things had gone on in this

way for some time, my pretty Louise still failing in health, not losing, but rather increasing her beauty by the daily walks which she now forced herself to take.

One day, at length, the explosion came. I met the old professor at the top of the stairs, and instead of turning me over at once to Louise, he beckoned me into his own study, and then, in a very excited state flew from corner to corner of the room, glancing at me angrily, but saying nothing. This conduct, became so painful, that I at length broke silence, saying—

"You wish to speak with me, Herr Haas."

"Ay, sir, aye!" he replied with vivacious sharpness, "Have I not cause to speak? Have I not cause to feel anger? Here, I took you in as a beggar, and trusted you as a friend, and you have betrayed my trust by winning my daughter's affections under the pretence of giving her instructions. Answer it how you may, sir, it is a bad case."

"As to winning your daughter's affections, my dear sir," I replied, "I think you must be mistaken; for I can boldly appeal to her to say, whether I have once spoken on the subject of love toward her, or on any other to justify the imputation you cast upon me. I have always respected your hospitality, and owing you so much as I do, I should have conceived myself base indeed to seek her affection without your consent. We have been thrown much together and—"

But nothing would satisfy the old man. He interrupted me hastily, catching, at my words, and saying—

"That the only way of proving my sincerity was to quit Hamburgh at once; that his aunt, who inhabited a country-mansion, not many miles distant, had pointed out to him—in the course of a morning lecture which she gave him, before her departure that day—all that was going on between Louise and myself; that a ship would soon sail for America, and that if

I really entertained the honorable sentiments I expressed, I would take my passage in her, and leave his household to recover its peace. He asked me, in a taunting tone, if I knew that his daughter was his heiress, and ended by forbidding me the house.

I retired gloomy and desponding, and although he had said nothing to lead me to such a conclusion, I felt almost certain that he had spoken to Louise, before his conversation with myself. There was a sort of gloomy consolation in this conviction, and I hesitated as to whether I should quit Hamburgh, or remain in the hope of some change of feeling upon his part.

There is such a thing as half-love, and I knew—I felt—that I could make the dear girl happy, and could be very happy with her myself. The remembrance, however, that I had nothing on earth—that I was an outcast—a beggar, in reality, and that she was probably rich, decided me. I went down to the wharf. I took my passage. I paid a part of my pas-

sage-money, but I learned—with a strange mixture of feelings—that the sailing of the packet was put off for a whole month, which made nearly seven weeks from that day. The master took pains to inform me, that this delay was occasioned by apprehension on the part of his owners, of the English cruisers, which, at that time, were behaving as ill to neutral vessels, as they were behaving well in combats with the enemy. I cared little for the reasons, however, but went away, not knowing whether to be pleased or sorry for this respite.

I could not quit Hamburgh without feelings of regret—I could not leave Louise without a bitter pang—I had done what was right—my conscience approved; and if accident kept me in the town, and fortune favoured me with any change of circumstances, Hope might plume her wings without any self-reproach.

I little knew with how much anguish that period of delay was to be filled.

Good Madame Steinberger had evidently heard something of what had occurred at the

professor's house. She had been very kind to me, and was kind still; but her reverence for Professor Haas somewhat jostled with her regard for her young lodger. I would sit for hours in the evening, dreaming of the past, thinking of Louise, dwelling upon happy hours that were never to return. And then Madame Steinberger would come and attempt to comfort me, saying, that it was mere boy and girl's love, and would soon pass away: that I and the young lady would both soon forget, and that she doubted not to see us both happy parents.

If she had taken up a red-hot skewer, and thrust it into my heart, she would not have produced more wretchedness than she did by her mode of consolation.

No consolation—no thought—no philosophy was of any avail. It was a period of intense bitterness, filled with many varied emotions, but all of them most painful. Had my love been more ardent, more vehement than it was,

my condition would probably have been less sad. I should have striven—I should have resisted—but a dark and gloomy feeling took possession of my mind, that all who loved me, all who felt an interest in me were destined to be lost to me, almost as soon as I felt the blessing of their sympathy and kindness. I was more miserable than I can describe: there was nothing to stimulate: to spur on endeavor: to rouse up dormant energy. It was all dull, blank, monotonous, melancholy inactivity.

Three weeks had passed in this manner, when one evening, as I was sitting in the larger room, where good Frau Steinberger had kindled a fire, with my feet upon the andirons, my head leaning on my hand, and a book which I had vainly endeavoured to read, fallen on the floor by my side, there was a step in the passage and the door opened. I took no notice: I cared for nothing: I was without hope or expectation: I was once more cast

upon the world—the fragment of a wreck upon the wide ocean.

Suddenly a voice sounded near me, which I knew right well.

"Louis," it said. "Louis, can you forgive me? Louis, will you save me—will you save my child?"

I started up, and gazed upon the figure before me. I could hardly believe it was my old friend the professor, so pale, so worn, so sorrow-stricken was his look.

I instantly clasped his extended hand in mine.

"My dear, good friend," I said, "what have I to forgive? I never sought to bring sorrow or discomfort to your door—I would rather have died. That is all I have to say. Tell me what I have to do. Tell me what you would wish, and I am ready to do it."

"Come to Louise," he said, wringing my hand hard. "Come to Louise—I have been a fool—a madman—a mercenary wretch. You

only can save her—come to her—come to her at once !"

I trembled violently, but I snatched up my hat, exclaiming, "let us go," and rushed out of the house before him.

We flew along the streets, running against every body—seeing nobody—heeding nobody. I asked no questions. I knew there was something terrible; but I was going to Louise, and felt that I should soon know all. All houses stood upon the latch in Hamburgh in those days. I opened the door—Iwent in—I rushed up stairs—I heard him cry "stop, stop," —but the trumpet of an angel would not have called me back. I entered her sitting-room. She was not there. I heeded not. I knew her bed-room lay beyond. I passed on and opened the door.

She was seated in a chair, with all the bright color gone from her cheek, except at one point. A physician stood beside her, with a glass in his hand. One old maid-servant was kneeling

at her feet, wrapping them in flannel. A handkerchief, dyed with blood, was at her lips. Could I pause? No, had it killed both her and myself. In an instant I was across the room, at her feet, and my arms around her.

"Louise, my own Louise," I cried.

She looked at me with surprise—then gazed beyond me to her father, who followed close—then cast her arms round my neck, and leaned her head upon my shoulder, saying in a faint voice—

"Louis, dear Louis, you have saved me—I feel—I am sure, I shall live to be your wife."

"Hush, hush," said the physician. "You must not speak at all."

"You shall be his wife; you shall be his wife!" cried her father, eagerly.

"I am very happy," said Louise.

"I must have perfect silence," said the physician, "all will go well now; but every one must quit the room."

"No one shall tend her but myself," I

said; "but I will be as still as night. She is mine—mine by the deepest and the holiest ties, and I will not leave her till this is staid."

Nor did I; but through the live-long night, with the physician and the fond old servant, I remained silently watching, aiding, comforting, supporting her. From time to time the spitting of blood returned; but, at length, ice was thought of and procured. That checked it effectually. Two hours passed without the slightest return of that direful symptom, and lifting her in my arms, as a father might a child, I placed her in her bed. Then seating myself on a little footstool at the side, I laid my head upon the same pillow. I thought she would sleep more happily so. Her heavy eyes closed quietly; her breathing became calm and gentle; she slept; and ere many minutes had passed, I slept beside her.

CHAPTER II.

THE FADING OF THE FLOWER.

The hemorrhage returned no more. Louise and I awoke at nearly the same moment, just as the morning light was streaming in through the windows, and she smiled sweetly to see me there, with my head upon her pillow, and the good old servant sitting fast asleep at the foot of her bed.

Poor girl, she fancied that all danger was

passed; that she would soon be well, and that we should be very, very happy. But, alas! grief and disappointment too frequently shoot with poisoned arrows, and the venom remains in the wound, after the shaft has been extracted. She was not suffered to rise that day, and was forbidden to speak more than a monosyllable at a time.

The good physician quoted the Bible to her saying—

"*Let your communication be yea, yea, nay, nay, for of more cometh evil.*"

On the following day, however, she rose, and gradually was permitted to talk more and more, without any evil effect being produced. Then for a short time we were very happy. The good old professor did all that he could to make up for his previous harshness, consented to anything that we wished. Spontaneously promised two thousand dollars to set Louise and myself off in life, although we were to

make our abode with him, and talked of obtaining a professorship for me in the university. Luckily his avocations kept him from home a good deal each day, otherwise his daughter's health would have suffered more, from his continually running in and out of the room. She made some progress during the first week after I returned, regained strength in a certain degree, and I was full of hope for her, although she had an unpleasant cough, very frequent, though not violent. We talked of the coming days, and of our marriage, as soon as she was quite well, and I measured her finger for the ring, and kissed the little hand on which it was to be placed.

Oh, they were very, very pleasant dreams, those; and I felt that I could be exceedingly happy with that dear, gentle girl—nay, I fancied that our happiness was quite assured; for when I looked into her eyes, they were so full of light and life, that one could hardly fancy

they would ever be extinguished in death and darkness. Her bright colour did not come back into the cheek indeed, except at night, and then it was not so generally diffused. Nevertheless, she felt herself so well—we all thought she was so well—that our wedding-day was fixed for about three weeks afterwards. As the time approached, however, she was not quite so well again. The weather changed, and two or three days of cold, damp wind succeeded, which seemed to affect her very much. It was judged expedient that our marriage should be delayed for a fortnight; for she felt the least breath of air.

Nevertheless, we kept up our spirits well for a little while, and she talked confidently of regaining health, and being just as well as ever. But as the days went on, I perceived with anxiety and alarm, that she grew weaker. I used to take her out whenever the air was soft, and the sun shone warmly, for a little walk, in

the hope that it would restore her strength, and I soon found that she could not go so far, without fatigue, as at first; that to climb even the little slopes which exist in Hamburgh, rendered her breathing short, and increased her cough.

Our walks became less and less, till, at length, she went out no more. A change, hardly perceptible in its progress, was gradually wrought in her. I saw little difference between one day and that which preceded; but when I looked back to a week or a fortnight before, and compared the present with the past, I could not close my eyes to the conviction that she was worse—much worse.

After a while, she took her breakfast in bed; but made an effort to rise as early as she could, in order to come and join me in the sitting-room. She ever spoke cheerfully, too, and seemed to have no thought of danger. But her father was in a terrible state; for he could

not close his eyes to her situation, and I do believe, that if the sacrifice of his life by the most painful kind of death would have purchased his child's recovery, he would have made it without hesitation.

I deceived myself more than he did. I had heard of the effect of change of air, and I had talked to Louise so often about her recovering strength, and going with me for a short time, to some milder climate, that I had almost persuaded myself, against conviction, that it would be so. I fancied, too, that I could make her so happy, she must needs recover; for I knew what a blessed balm happiness is, and thought it must be all-effectual.

As she could no longer go to church, the good minister of the parish came several times to see her, and as he had a friendship for me, he would often talk with me afterwards—not that I liked his conversation now as much as formerly; for it was very gloomy, and he

strove evidently to fill my mind with the dark anticipations which occupied his own. The rays of religious hope, he endeavoured to pour in too; but it was earthly hopes I then clung to, and I did not like to have them taken away.

One morning, after he had been with Louise, I found some tears upon her cheek, when I went in to see her; for by this time she did not rise till very late in the day, and all painful restraint being removed, I used to go and sit by her bedside, and read to her for some hours each morning. I was half angry with the old man for depressing her spirits; but she soon recovered her cheerfulness, and it was not till two days afterwards, that I learned he had told her she must die.

I was sitting beside her, with my arm fondly cast round her, as she sat propped up by pillows, and I was indulging in those dreamy hopes of the future, which I still entertained,

and thought she entertained likewise. I talked of our proposed journey to the South, and of escaping the cold, winter weather of Hamburgh, and of myself and her father—for he was to go with us in this dream—nursing her like a tender plant, till the bright summer came back again to restore her to perfect health.

She turned her sweet eyes upon me, with a gentle but melancholy smile.

"Do you know, dear Louis," she said, "I begin to think that time will never be."

I looked aghast, and laying her hand tenderly in mine, she added—

"Nay, more, love, I fear I shall never be your wife, unless—unless you can make up your mind to take me as I am now, and part with me very soon."

"O, Louise, Louise!" I cried, pressing her to my heart, with the dreadful conviction first fully forced upon me, by words such as she

had never used before. "Do not, do not entertain such sad fears. Be mine at once, dear girl, and let me take you away from this bleak place—by slow, easy journeys—by sea—any how."

A single large tear rose in her eyes, and leaning her head upon my shoulder, she said in a low, hesitating voice—

"I will own, it would be very sweet to be your wife, were it but for a day—yet what right have I," she added, "to ask you to make me so, in such a state as this—to leave you so soon, so young a widower."

"Let not such thoughts stop you for a moment, Louise," I answered. "It will be a blessing and a comfort to me. I can then be with you always—never leave you—nurse you by night and day, and if the fondest care can save you, still keep my little jewel for my life's happiness."

She pressed her lips fondly upon my cheek, and asked—

"Do you really feel so, Louis?"

"From my heart," I answered. "There is no blessing—no comfort I desire so much. Let it be this very day—may I speak to your father?"

"If you will," she answered with a bright smile, and I know not that I ever in life felt such satisfaction as in seeing the happiness and relief I had bestowed upon that dear girl.

The old professor was ready to grant everything we could desire. He was now the complete slave of her will; but the marriage could not take place that day, for some few formalities had to be gone through and arrangements to be made.

It was appointed for the next evening, however, and when Louise awoke upon her wedding-day, she sent the maid to tell me that she felt much better.

She knew what happiness that news would

give me, and I was soon by her side to confirm the assurance with my own eyes.

She was better. She looked better. She had rested well, and she was able to rise an hour earlier than she had done before. The incorrigible liar, Hope, whispered her false promises in the ears of both, I believe, and the hours passed more brightly during that afternoon, than they had done for many a day before.

At eight o'clock the Protestant minister came, and with him a notary. The physician was the only other person present, except Louise, her father, and myself. The irrevocable words were soon spoken, the contract signed, and the ring upon her finger; but as I put it on, a cold, sad feeling came upon my heart. It had been somewhat tight when I first bought it, and now it was very loose. We were even obliged to wind some silk round it the next day, to prevent it from falling off.

For three days, happiness seemed to have all the effect that I had ever attributed to it in my brightest fancies. Louise was certainly better, and she looked so happy, so cheerful, walked up and down the passage hanging on my arm, with a step so much lightened, that even the old professor caught the infection of our hopes, and began to talk of future days.

The medicine soon lost its power over the invincible enemy. We had been married just six days, and during the three last, Louise had been feebler again, and very restless at night. The sixth day was a warm, sunny one. The light shone cheerfully into our room, and she talked to me of the sweet aspect of the summer, and made me open the window to let in the gentle air.

One room of the old professor's house looked out upon the ramparts, planted with trees. It was a large room, seldom used; but Louise

asked me to go in there, and open the windows before she rose, saying, that she should like to sit and look at the green leaves.

Her father came in before she was dressed, and when she was ready, we took her out of her room, with a hand resting on the arm of each, and led her into that saloon. I had placed an arm-chair for her near the window, and she approached feebly and seated herself in it.

The air was very balmy ; a clear, sparkling sunshine brightened the foliage : the sky beyond, was as deep and blue as her own eyes, and she gazed for an instant, with a look of intense thought upon the scene before her. Then looking up in my face, as I stood beside her, she placed her hand in mine, and said—

" Very beautiful !"

They were her last words. The next instant, a strange, vacant expression came into those deep thoughtful eyes, a slight shudder

passed over her : she leaned more and more towards me ; and I had just time to kneel by her side, and catch her head upon my shoulder. I felt one faint breath fan my cheek—and Louise was gone.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST VOYAGE.

I LEARNED to believe that there is something beyond the anguish of a lover, or a husband, in the death of one beloved. I learned to think that an acquired tie is never so strong as a natural one.

The whole course of life is a series of mistakes—made and corrected; and this was one of them. The agony of the bereaved father was far greater than my own, although I

thought that I loved poor Louise as strongly as it was possible for a husband to love—although I knew that I loved her now far more than even before I became her husband.

I was not then aware that there is a love beyond that which I then felt—a love, compared with which, a father's, though it may be as enduring, must be more cold.

We laid her in the still, still grave. We mingled our tears together, and returned to the house, now solitary to us both. We said not a word of future plans. We made no arrangements. We dealt with no business. The life and the love that was gone, was a bond between us, which seemed both to him and me, unseverable.

At first, I gave way to my grief—sat in the little room that had been hers. Wept by the side of the bed where she had lain in my arms, and in the arms of death, and writhed under the first great disappointment of my earthly hopes. Oh, how sweet, how beautiful, how

pleasant was her memory, and how bitter, how terrible the thought that I could never hold her to my heart again.

For two days I was brutally selfish—I thought only of myself, and of my sad, sad loss. In the last week, I had learned to love her more than I ever loved her before. It seemed, indeed, as if we had become one, and that my heart lay dead with hers in the cold earth.

I was roused from this sort of stupor by the old woman-servant coming in as I sat there, and saying in her simple way—

"Ah! sir, it is very sad, indeed, for you, but there is one who has a sadder fate than yours. In heaven's name, shake off your sorrow, and go and see him. You are young, and he is old. You have long years, and, perhaps, bright days before you. He has nothing but darkness and solitude between him and the grave. You have lost one whom you loved well, but you have time, perhaps, to love again.

But he has lost the only one, and can love no more. Go and see him, sir. Go and see him; for her whole heart was in you, and he will think that his child's spirit comes back to visit him with her husband. He has not broken bread," she added, "since we laid her on that bed, and there is no sorrow, like an old man's sorrow for the death of his only one."

I took the good creature's hands in mine, and wrung them hard, though I could not speak, and went forth to seek the bereaved father.

I found him in his old room, with half-a-dozen books at his feet—tried, and thrown down upon the floor. All his activity was gone. He was quiet and still enough now; but when he saw me, he started up, and we ran into each other's arms, as father and son, weeping very bitterly.

We never mentioned her name, and I do not recollect that, during the whole fortnight I re-

mained there, he ever alluded to her except upon one occasion, and that was, when we were on the eve of parting.

First, however, let me say how we came to part at all. Our minds had become a little more calmed. We sat together, and sometimes conversed. He had resigned his professorship, took no interest in any thing which had pleased and amused him before, and saw no one but myself and one or two old friends. One day, however, while we were seated together, not talking, but with our eyes fixed upon vacancy, and our thoughts resting on the past, the Chief of Police came in, and spoke to him in a whisper.

The old man's attention was soon roused, and as he had a great hatred of secret communications, he answered and asked questions in a loud tone, which soon made me aware of the following facts : that France ; extending her aggressions far and wide, and at this time exercising a sort of Dictatorship over Prussia,

under whose Protectorate Hamburgh was supposed to be, had demanded that all emigrants who had found refuge in that city should be expelled or arrested. Resistance was not very easy. Submission was not very pleasant ; and the mode which the authorities took to escape from their difficulty was—to inform all emigrants of the demand which had been made, with a hint that it would be better for them to deliver Hamburgh from their presence. The amount of the whole information was, that there was no longer any safety for me there ; that at any moment I might be arrested at the mandate of France, and no one in those days could tell what would be the result.

The poor professor was in a terrible state of distress and agitation ; and I was very much grieved to leave the father of my poor Louise. But my resolution was soon taken. The ship in which I had engaged my passage to America, was still in the port, and to sail in three days. All my preparations were rapidly made, and

nothing remained but to bid my good father-in-law adieu. On my marriage day he had given me a *rouleau* of gold Frederics, amounting to the two thousand dollars he had promised; but without this, I was comparatively rich; for my fifty *louis d'ors* remained untouched, and I had accumulated a good many dollars by teaching. I therefore took him back the *rouleau*, and told him I did not think I had any right to retain it. He would not receive it, however, saying:

"Put it up, put it up. Do you think, Louis, I would rob my dead child? No, no, my dear boy. You and poor Louise were one. I had hoped that you would have remained here to close my eyes; for my time will not be long. But God punishes me by denying that satisfaction. You must write to me as soon as you reach the shores of America, and you shall hear from me very soon after. If I have occasion to communicate with you before, I will address my letter to Boston."

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This was the only occasion on which he mentioned his daughter's name. His eyes remained tearless, however, and the words were spoken in that dull, cheerless, despairing tone, which made me fear, not without reason, that he would never recover from the shock he had received.

He saw me on board the vessel, and took leave of me, as a father might of a son whom he could never behold again. He was very, very sad; and when he had descended the ship's side, and sat in the little boat, he bent down his eyes, and never lifted them to look at the vessel which was about to carry me away.

It was growing dusk when I embarked, and the ship was to sail about the time of high water, which was at ten o'clock. I went down therefore at once to my little uncomfortable berth, with no great hope of sleeping, but rather to be out of sight, for there were feelings in my heart at that moment, which I did

not wish exposed to the eyes of others. I was weary, however, and exhausted ; for I had slept but very little during the last three nights, and after lying in sad stillness, shut up in the close, evil-smelling cabin for about an hour, I fell into the most profound slumber that I ever recollect to have obtained. I heard nothing, I knew nothing ; and when I woke, the broad day was looking at me through a round, thick glass window, like an eye, in the side of the cabin ; and I could hear a strange sort of rushing, gurgling noise close at my head, giving me the first intimation that there was nothing but that frail plank between me and the wide, deep sea. A negro, in a white jacket, with his sleeves turned up from his large-boned, sinewy, black arms, was laying a table in the middle of the cabin, as if for the morning meal, and putting out my head, I asked him where we were.

He grinned at me with his white teeth, saying—

"Can't tell, massa. No post-house in middle of sea. You glad of your dinner, I reckon, habin' had no breakfas'. You come and eat good dinner. Keep him down if you can. He, he, he."

I did not feel myself the least disposed to be sick, however, and the ship seemed to be going with so smooth and easy a motion, that I felt very sure, for that day at least, I should escape the infliction which most young voyagers have to endure. I rose and dressed myself, but had hardly completed my toilet, when my friend, the negro, made his appearance with an enormous piece of roast beef. He then brought in a great tureen of pea-soup, and a dish of potatoes; and such was our fare almost every day during the voyage, with the slight, and not very pleasant variation of strongly salted beef, instead of fresh, which took place when we had been about six days at sea.

Such was the provision of an American

packet-ship in those days. Hunger, however, they say is good sauce, and I must confess that I was ravenous. When the dinner was served, the captain of the vessel came down, with his only other passenger, one of the most extraordinary looking beings I ever saw. She was a Madame Du Four; an emigrant like myself; dressed in the fashion of the court of Louis the Fifteenth, with a robe of stiff brocade silk, not very clean, and a petticoat, shown in front, of green satin. She had strong-marked, aquiline features, very keen dark eyes, and shaggy brows, was enormously tall, and had also added to her height by a sort of tower upon her head of most extraordinary construction, consisting, I fancy, of a cushion, over which her hair, well powdered, was carried on all sides, with a lace cap, and coquelicot ribbons surmounting the whole. She was highly rouged, and painted white also; but those female vanities did not prevent her from having a somewhat fierce and masculine look, which was not at all softened

by a sort of finikin *minauderie* of manner with which it constrasted strongly. On the first day, too, I could not help thinking when she moved across the cabin, or walked about the deck, that I detected a pair of Hessian boots under her enormous petticoats. On the following day, however, she had shoes, buckles, and silk stockings. Our dinner passed pleasantly enough, though the bluff American Captain could hardly get on with his meal for laughter whenever Madame Du Four opened her mouth.

The fun he had out of her during the passage was quite as good as double passage money, although I must acknowledge she spoke English very well, and therefore it was not at her language that he laughed. She was exceedingly agreeable, too, notwithstanding her oddities, had an immense fund of information, and seemed to have travelled a great deal. Like all French women she had great curiosity, and never rested till she had wormed out of me, my whole history, with the exception of

that part which referred to my poor Louise —a subject too sacred to be touched upon by me.

To my surprise, and not altogether to my satisfaction—for it made me accuse myself of indiscretion—she took down the name of Father Bonneville and Madame de Salins, and I endeavoured to get in return, some information respecting herself. But there she was proof against all enquiries; and I could only discover that she had friends or relations in Louisiana.

After dinner I went upon the deck, and there the principal part of my time was spent during the voyage, whether the weather was fine or foul; for the cabin was close and miserable.

I have heard men, and read books, expressing the highest enthusiasm and admiration of the sea, but I suppose I am very unimaginative; for I never could discover any thing in it to excite my admiration, except perhaps a

certain degree of sublimity, which always attaches to vastness. As we passed along over the bosom of the waters, with one unvarying expanse around us, that ocean about which men rave so much, seemed to me nothing but one great, dull, brown heaving mass, very unpleasant to the eye, and exceedingly monotonous.

As the sun went down, however, the prospect was a little varied on that first day, by the long, bright line of ruby light which he cast from the horizon to the ship; but except twice, we never had the honour of seeing his face in the evening; though once or twice he broke out about mid-day. Generally the sky was covered with clouds, and very often a thick mist enveloped us, exciting greatly the indignation of the captain, who seemed to think he had a right to clear weather. I was not even treated to a storm, though, occasionally, it blew what the captain called a half gale, and then the great, greenish brown, drugget-look-

ing thing that surrounded us was tossed up into some very uncomely and disagreeable billows.

Happily for myself I was not in the slightest degree sea-sick, which raised me greatly in the opinion of the captain, who used to wink knowingly at meal times towards the cabin of good Madame Du Four, who never appeared in rough weather, and say, with a laugh,

"The old woman is laid up on the locker, I guess."

At the end of three weeks one of the sea phœnomena which I had often heard described, occurred as we were passing some fishing banks. It was night, and the sky was very cloudy, but the whole sea was in a blaze of light, as if the Milky-Way had been transferred to its bosom. Every wave that passed was loaded with stars, and not only the wake of the ship, but long lines in different directions where, the sea was agitated, seemed all on fire. This con-

tinued for many hours, and I have seldom seen any thing more marvellously beautiful.

Here, too, we saw a great number of small fishing vessels—the first ships of any kind that we had met with. A whale or two also came in sight, and long troops of white porpoises; but nothing else occurred to enliven us during the whole passage; and I must confess, that I cannot conceive any thing more dull, heavy and uninteresting, taken as a whole, than a voyage across the wide Atlantic.

Certainly my spirits did not rise during the passage. I had made up my mind to write and read a great deal, and to occupy my thoughts as far as possible with indifferent subjects; but I did nothing of the kind, and I have remarked since that a ship is the idlest place in the whole universe. Nobody seems to do any thing but the sailors, and they nothing more than they are obliged to do.

At length, oh blessed sight! just as day was

beginning to break we perceived a light-boat, and the captain announced that we were on the coast of America. I never was so rejoiced at any thing in my life, especially when, a few minutes after, I heard him order a gun to be fired for a pilot. But whether in punishment at my repining, or in order that I might have a full and competent knowledge of the sea, before I had done with it, the cannon had hardly roared out its first call for a pilot, when the wind chopped round suddenly from the west with a little south in it, and in a quarter of an hour was blowing a heavy gale off the coast.

For four long, tedious days we continued struggling against this merciless enemy, in no little danger, as I understood afterwards, and during the whole of that time I was enlivened by hearing the plaintive voice of Madame Du Four exclaiming to herself, "*Oh, mon Dieu ! je vais mourir*," together with other sounds, not nearly so euphonious.

At length, however, we got into the beautiful port of Boston; and as we sailed peacefully amongst the blue islands, up came Madame Du Four, painted, patched and brocaded, and as brisk as a bee.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW WORLD AND NEW OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

The captain of the vessel kindly took me to a small inn, not very far from the port; where I got tolerable accommodation. My first task was to seek for a warm bath; for my long voyage of more than five weeks' duration, made me feel as if I had been pickled. It was with considerable difficulty that I procured what I wanted; for Boston was not famous for baths in those days. I succeeded at length, indeed,

and then dined very well, though with less appetite than had savored the coarser provisions at sea.

No one can tell with what satisfaction I looked forward to resting in the good, steady bed which my room contained ; but the sea had not done with me yet, and for two whole nights, as soon as I lay down, every thing began to move with me, and swim about just as if I was still upon the ocean. I could hardly persuade myself that the house was not afloat.

The next morning, while at breakfast, one of the black waiters came in and told me that a gentleman had called to see me, and on ordering him to be admitted, a tall, good-looking man, of about thirty-five was ushered in. His face was familiar to me, though I could not recollect where I had seen it before, and he was dressed with great neatness and precision, partly in black, partly in drab, with a thick

cravat round his neck, and a pair of Hessian boots drawn up to his knees.

"Monsieur De Lacy," he said, taking my hand, "I am glad to see you in America. Allow me to congratulate you on your safe arrival."

I thanked him, told him that he had the advantage of me in knowing my name, and begged to be told whom I had the honour of addressing.

The waiter had, by this time, quitted the room; but my visitor still took the precaution of putting his lips close to my ear, while he said,

"Madame Du Four—at present Monsieur Du Four, if you please."

"Good Heaven!" I exclaimed, "what could have induced you to adopt so strange a travestie?"

"The very simple motive of concealing myself as best I might," he replied. "In regard to yourself, and many of the other emigrants, the good people of Hamburgh had the choice

given them by their tyrannical masters, either to arrest or to expel. In my case the order was simply to arrest, and send me off to France as a prisoner. They were ready to wink at any evasion, however, and to the eyes of French spies my great-grandmother's petticoats, like charity, covered a multitude of sins.

"Now, Monsieur De Lacy, I think I can be of assistance to you; for I have had a great deal to do with emigrants, am in continual communication with them in various parts of the world, and probably can obtain for you information regarding the friends you are so anxious to hear of. Some of them, I think, are now in Russia, where I have passed a good deal of my time, under the favour and protection of that mild and excellent potentate, the Emperor Paul. As it is well known, however, that he is not long for this life, I thought it might be as well to be absent at the accession of a new sovereign, and therefore betook myself to Hamburgh. However, I have still friends and connections in Russia, as well

as in many other parts of the world, and I think if you will let me know where you are to be found, I can obtain for you information which may be satisfactory."

My plans were all unsettled, and I knew not where I might go, or what I might do. I was at this time richer than I had ever been in my life before, but I knew that my little store was not inexhaustible, and I resolved to seek speedily for some employment. Without telling my new friend, then, the exact state of my finances, I consulted him where I should go, and what I should do.

"You can stay here in Boston," he replied, "as long as the weather is warm, and probably may find some employment; for you have a rich, active and intelligent population: but don't remain in the winter; for it is the coldest city in the universe. In point of temperature, St. Petersburgh is comparatively a terrestrial paradise. However you can receive letters wherever you may be by having them directed

here, if you will take the precaution of always sending your address to the post-office. I do not mean to say that they will come to you rapidly; because of course every thing goes on with less regularity and certainty, under a republican than under a monarchical government. In republics, where place and power depends upon mere popular favour, the greater part of the business of the state is carried on by inexperienced men, for, generally speaking, each public officer is kicked out before he can gain the experience necessary for his office—just as a tradesman, without capital, does all his work by apprentices. There are exceptions of course—men who get such hold of public confidence, that even faction cannot shake them—but these are rare, and to have work half done and ill done is part of the compensation to be paid for great rapidity of progress and general diffusion of comfort. But I am digressing. You have nothing to do, Monsieur De Lacy, but to leave your address at the post-

office, and you shall hear from me as soon as I obtain intelligence."

He added a good many of very judicious instructions as to my conduct in Boston, where he certainly must have been before, although he did not say so; and he left me, I confess, with a much more pleasant impression of his male than his female character.

I did not anticipate much, it is true, from his promises, and perhaps did not feel quite so sure of his sincerity as I ought to have done. I suppose there are some professions and some occasions in which charlatanism is absolutely necessary; but I think we rarely respect the people who practise it; and the impression produced by his appearance in the character of Madame Du Four, was never, and never will be effaced from my memory. I could not get rid of the ludicrous recollections, and we rarely expect much service from people who make us laugh.

Letters of introduction to persons in Boston,

I had none; and I suffered for several days all the inconveniences which a stranger, without personal friends in a city, feels at his first residence. The solitariness, as it were, pressed upon me, and the more people I met in the crooked and narrow streets, made me only feel the more solitary. Of Monsieur Du Four I saw no more at that time, and I began to think of removing to some other town, when the people were not so cold and repulsive, where I suddenly made an acquaintance which greatly changed the current of affairs.

One day as I was walking along the streets, I thought I might as well purchase some French books, of which I had only one with me, in order that I might not quite forget my own language. I entered therefore a great bookseller's shop—dingy and dull enough it was, in all conscience—and asked for one or two works which I named.

Although it may seem to have no connection with this part of my history, yet I must say

something of my personal appearance at this time, as I am convinced it had some effect upon the events that followed. I was now within quarter of an inch of six feet high, robust in frame, from much exercise, tanned almost a mahogany colour by exposure to the sea air, and with a moustache long and thick for my age.

My hair had been suffered to grow very long, and floated wildly in its unshorn curls, and I was dressed in deep and new mourning of a foreign cut. Thus in the streets of Boston, I had something at least to distinguish me from the citizens of the place, where no one wore moustaches at all, and most of them had their hair still thickly powdered, and tied in *queue*, while those who had not, wore it as closely cut as the ears of a terrier dog.

In asking for the books, I spoke in a grave, and perhaps somewhat abrupt manner; for the death of my poor Louise, had left upon me a sort of carelessness of men's opinions, and a

lack of the desire to please, which is rare in youth.

The shopman answered at once in a somewhat flippant manner that he guessed they had none of them; and I replied in the same cold and imperative tone in which I had first spoken, that I would trouble him to do something more than guess—to make sure; whether the books were there or not, and if not, whether they could be procured for me.

"I reckon you are from the old country," said the man, with the most good-humoured impertinence.

"That is nothing to you, my friend," I replied. "We will reckon when I have got the books."

"Then I calculate you had better speak to our boss," said the shopman.

"A very good calculation," I replied, "if you mean your master."

"I h'aint got a master," rejoined the man, with a look of considerable indignation.

"Well then," I said, "let me speak with any one who supplies the place of a master, and who is master at all events of the shop, if he is not of the shopman."

"I think you might have called it store, stranger," said my friend; but as by this time I had taken up a book from the counter and begun to read, he went away to call his "boss," as he termed him.

A moment after, from a little dingy den behind, came out a neat, dapper little man, with a very straight-cut, snuff coloured coat, fastened with a hook and eye high up upon the chest, in order to permit the liberal extension of a very smart flowered waistcoat, and a stomach, somewhat too large in its proportions, shaped like the back of a mandolin. Energy, activity, and acuteness, were in all his movements and sparkled in his bright black eye; and, roused by his step, I could perceive that as he approached, he scanned me from head to foot with a rapidity truly marvellous. Before I

knew what I was about he was shaking hands with me, and before I could ask for my books, he was asking me innumerable questions—who I was—where I came from—what my name was—what was my profession—how old I was—whether I intended to stay long in Boston, and—what I thought of America.

I was strongly inclined to laugh, but I was out of the habit of laughing now, and I answered gravely :

"Order in all things, if you please, sir. Are you what this person calls the 'boss,' or what I should call the master of this shop—or store ?"

"Oh, never mind him," replied the new comer. "He is from another state, and does n't half understand English. It's only in Bost'n I guess that there's any thing like English to be found in all the universal world. I'm the master of this store, sir, and a very pretty little considerable quantity of literature you will find therein, I guess."

"Well then, to reply to your questions," I said, "I am a stranger in this city. I come from a distant part of the world. My name is my own, for any thing I know to the contrary. I am of any profession that suits me at the moment. I am somewhere between twenty and thirty. I have no notion how long I shall stay in Boston, and having only seen two square miles of America, I do not think the taster is decisive of the cheese.—Now, sir, will you have the goodness to tell me about the books I want."

"Capital, capital, capital!" cried my new friend. "I guess such answers would pose half the men in Congress. We Yankees are terrible question askers it must be acknowledged. It's a way we have, and not a bad way either; for if we get an answer, we are all the better for it, and if we get none, we can do very well without it. Now, sir, you're just the man we want: I can see that in a minute. We have n't had any thing new in Bost'n for

six months—that is, since the giantess, and the horse with three tails. They did very well, but we want something literary now, and if you choose to come out with a lecture, or a book, or a pamphlet, or a sermon against the Trinity, or something very racy upon democracy and federalism—take which side you will; it's all the same to me—or even in defence of the old country, showing that we are all rebels and traitors, and ought to have been hanged long ago, it's sure to answer—it will sell, sir—it will pay—it will bring in the dollars."

There was something so perfectly good-humoured in my new friend, that I could not be at all cross, even though I might not quite enter into his notions. I was obliged to inform him, however, that I had never given lectures, written books, pamphlets, or sermons. That I was not an Englishman. That I was not well acquainted with American history, and had no idea whether his friends and himself deserved

to be hanged or not—though I confessed I rather thought not.

He was very pertinacious, however, and suggested a dozen different courses of acting for me, being in truth at that moment in desperate need himself of a stranger to supply the place of a literary man who had absconded, and knowing the dire need in which the city of Boston stood of some "new thing," to fill the yawning void left by the giantess and the horse with three tails. I began to fancy, as he went on, that amongst all the pearls he was throwing before me, I might find one which suited my own purpose, and at length it was determined that I should write a little book for him, which he would immediately bring out in what he guessed was the very best possible style. Our arrangements were soon made, though, as I found afterwards, he agreed to pay me about one-third of the sum which I ought to have received.

That book, however, not only served to put

a small sum into my pocket, but also to spread my fame, and to occupy my thoughts. I was very glad of the latter; for the moment I sat down by myself in my inn, I fell into sad reveries, and I wished very much to let time do his work of consoling by those slow and almost insensible steps through which he best effects his objects. The subject, the treatment, was all discussed in less than half an hour; for my friend, the bookseller, had very definite ideas, and knew to a nicety what would sell, and what would not.

While we were still talking over these things, several gentlemen entered the shop, to whom the bookseller—now in possession of my name—introduced me as the celebrated Monsieur De Lacy. Thus I obtained occupation for the next six weeks, and acquaintance with some of the pleasantest persons I ever met with in my life; and the next morning I saw an announcement in the public prints that Monsieur De Lacy, the well known Vendéean chief had

arrived in Boston, followed by an apocrypha twice as long as the book of Tobit, regarding the bloody battles I had fought, and the victories I had obtained in a district within which I had never set my foot. All this was based upon a deep scar on my cheek, which I had received from the heel of an Austrian soldier, as I lay upon the ground in the streets of Zurich.

Although I smiled, while reading this account, the idea of being or having been, one of the actors in the great and extraordinary struggle in La Vendée was very pleasant to me. I thought of it a good deal, and although I had fancied some weeks before that America was the country, of all others, to afford me a peaceful and happy refuge, I now began to long for a return to Europe, to take part in the active scenes which were going on in my native land.

CHAPTER V.

A LOSS AND A RECOVERY.

I NEED not dwell upon my course of life during the next few months. Most men have experienced what it is to make one's way in a strange town, and I do not think it would be very interesting to any one, if I were to give a detailed account of the process of being made a factitious lion of. My good friend the bookseller would have it so in my case: he wanted a lion at that moment: there was no other

material at hand, and he made me into a lion. Not a newspaper did I open, without seeing my name in it. If I went to look at Faneuil Hall, or strolled from Court Street to the Common, it was sure to be recorded for the public, and by the mere act of iteration the public were driven, by seeing my name every day, to think I must be somebody.

But the worst of this lion system is, that it is not always very easy to shake off your lion skin when you are tired of it. I confess I began to be weary of seeing my name in the columns of the journals, and at first I was inclined to correct all the various lies that were told about me, and to assure the people of Boston, in print, that I had never done fifty things I was reported to have done, and never intended to do fifty other things that were sketched out for me by the fertile imagination of various editors.

A kind and judicious friend, however, advised me to refrain; and as this little sort of

false celebrity obtained for me a great number of most delightful acquaintances, I was obliged to take the good with the bad, and receive much hospitality and kindly and instructive communion, as some compensation for being made to dance grotesquely in the public prints. I lost no opportunity, however, of denying, in private, all that was said about me in public, of telling all my friends in the city that I was not the great man, or the celebrated character I was represented—that I had never been in La Vendée in my life, and had never even seen a battle but that of Zurich. I must do them the justice to say also, that these confessions did not diminish their kindness in the least; and that when they found me to be a very plain, humble person, they were, perhaps, more hospitable and friendly than before.

The writing of my book was favourable to me in all respects. It was but a poor affair, it is true; but it saved my little fortune, filled the pockets of the bookseller—for its success

was ridiculous, in consequence of all the charlatanism which was used before it appeared —and it did still more for me, by weaning my thoughts from the one deep, sorrowful subject of contemplation, which otherwise would have engrossed my mind continually.

The autumn was coming on rapidly when it appeared ; the woods around were glowing with colours such as I never in my life beheld in Nature's robe before ; and partly to get away from the crowds of a great city, partly to enjoy the loveliness of the scenery at a little distance from Boston, I used to wander forth early in the morning, and often not return till nightfall. I used sometimes, too, to call at the post-office and inquire for letters, with very little expectation of receiving any. Who would write to me, unless it were good Professor Haas or Monsieur Du Four ? but from the former I thought there had been but little time to hear, and upon the promises of the latter I placed but little reliance.

One day, however, a thick letter was handed to me, with my address written on coarse German paper, with a black seal, and bearing the post-mark of Hamburgh. The hand-writing, however, was not that of the good old professor; and I opened it with considerable apprehension, thinking that he must be ill, and must have employed some other hand to write for him. It was worse than I expected. Professor Haas was dead; and the letter was from his old friend the notary, who had drawn up the marriage contract between Louise and myself. He informed me of the fact of my friend's death, in brief, formal terms, and then went on to state that Professor Haas had left the whole bulk of his property to me, naming as executors, one of his fellow professors and the notary himself, with directions to sell his house, and all that he possessed, and remit the money to a great banking-house in London for my benefit. I thought this a somewhat strange proceeding till I read further.

I then found that the professor, who had always entertained the most profound horror for Revolutionists, had, during his latter days, and especially his sickness, become impressed with a notion that the French Republicans would sooner or later get possession of Hamburgh, and plunder the whole city. Ample directions were added to enable me to dispose of the money in any way I pleased, and more than one half of the paper was occupied with a long statement of accounts, which I did not even try to understand. The sum already remitted to England, however, was large, and enough to put me at my ease for life.

First impressions are, I suppose, always the most generous ones; and however great might have been the relief at any other moment to know that the means of subsistence were no longer to depend upon the caprice of Fortune, the intelligence afforded me but little consolation, when coupled with the death of my poor friend. I was very, very sad. The last earthly

tie between myself and my poor Louise seemed gone; and all the painful memories connected with the last days of her life, revived as darkly and gloomily as ever.

I took no steps in regard to the property. I did not even answer the notary's letter; but day after day I walked out over the curious broken ground, and cedar-covered hills to the south and west of Boston, meditating sadly upon the past. At the face of nature I used to look from time to time, finding I know not what, of similarity between the fading aspect of the autumn-woods and the withering away of my own hopes and happiness. But I looked little at man when he fell in my way, and many a time felt half angry when a fellow walker on the same road gave me good day, or stopped to ask me the hour. There were very few human habitations in that direction at the time; and one solitary public house, about four miles from the city, I used to pass with my eyes always bent upon the ground. I know

not what induced me to raise my eyes toward it one day, as I was walking along, somewhat more slowly than usual—for the weather had become suddenly sultry, in what they call the Indian Summer. Perhaps it was that my eye caught an indistinct sight of some one sitting under the verandah—an old man, very shabbily dressed in brown. I could not see his features, for I was at the distance of more than a hundred yards, and I only took a casual glance.

But as I returned by the same road, the old man was still sitting there; and a young girl of twelve or thirteen years of age was standing by, talking to him, and offering him something in a cup. In my morose selfishness, I was going on without any further notice, when suddenly he took the girl's arm, and rose up feebly, looking straight toward me. A strange feeling of recognition instantly seized upon me, and I turned sharply toward the house, with doubt in my mind, but certainty in my heart—a con-

trast that takes place more often than people imagine.

As I got near, doubt vanished. It was Father Bonneville; but as doubt disappeared with me, it seemed to increase with him, for it would seem that, although he had been very ill, I was far more changed than he was. Something in my gait and figure had struck him; but when he saw a broad and powerful young man, instead of the stripling who had been separated from him at Zurich, he could hardly believe in my identity, and did not feel quite sure till his hand was grasped in mine. I never saw the poor man so much agitated in all the many scenes we had passed through together. His usual calm placidity abandoned him entirely; and for a moment or two he wept with feelings which I am sure were not all unpleasant. I sat down beside him, while the girl ran into the house to tell her father, who was the landlord thereof, that the French gentleman had found a friend; and during

her absence he told me that he had been living there for the last six weeks, almost on charity.

He had sought me he said, far and near, and at length, partly from some preconception of the course I was likely to take, partly from some false information he had received in Holland, had concluded I had sailed for America, within four months after the battle of Zurich. He had in consequence embarked for New York, and had at that time made many efforts to make me acquainted with his arrival.

For six months after reaching the shores of America, he had continued to receive supplies of money; but suddenly they had ceased, he said, and then for some time he had supported himself by teaching. His scholars fell off, however, and he was advised to try Boston; but his means were too small for the hotels or boarding-houses of that city, and feeling himself ill, he had come out to that remote place, both for purer air and greater economy. His

money lasted but a fortnight, and he had explained to the landlord his situation. The good man—for he really was a good man—told him not to make himself uneasy, and proposed that he should teach his two daughters for his board until he was well enough to return to Boston again. But poor Father Bonneville soon became too ill, either to teach or to rise from his bed, and then all the native kindness of the people came forth. His two little pupils nursed him, he told me, as if he had been a parent. Their father supplied him with every thing that he required, and brought a physician, at his own expense, to see him.

"This is the third time I have left my room," he said, "and they are still as kind as ever, though I have been a great burden to them."

"No burden at all, my good man," said the landlord, who was by this time standing by our side. "It's but little good one can do in this world, and God forbid we shouldn't do it

when we can. I am very happy, however, he has found one of his friends at last."

"He has found one," I said, shaking the landlord by the hand, "to whom he has been more than a father, and who will never forget your kindness to him. I thank God that I am now in a situation to say he shall never at least know what want is again."

"Well, well," said the landlord, "that is all very well. But you had better come into the house and talk it out there. We are just going to dinner, and there's as good a chowder as ever was made. He told my girl he could n't eat just now, but he's got his appetite back now, I guess."

We went in; and I sat down with them to their plain meal with more satisfaction than if I had been invited to a prince's table.

Although my good old friend was exceedingly anxious to hear all my own adventures since we parted, I contrived to make him tell

all that had occurred to him, which amounted to little more than what I have already stated. He had been detained by the Austrians, he said, for nearly two months, had been sent to Milan, and put in prison there, but in other respects had been well treated, and at length liberated, on its being made clear that he was a French emigrant with no political character. He hurried through the details, in order to get at my history, and then said, with a look of parental affection—

"But now tell me, my dear Louis, what has happened to you since we met last? How comes that scar upon your cheek? Where have you been staying? And why are you in such deep mourning?"

The last words sent all the color from my cheek. I could feel the blood rush away as if to fill my heart too full, and I shook my head sadly, saying—

"Do not ask me about that just now."

I then related to him all that had occurred previous to my arrival in Hamburgh; how, after I had shot the man who was going to murder him, I had turned back to assist Lavater; how I had been knocked down and trodden under feet by the Austrian soldiers, and afterward carried to the hospital; I then told him that I had suffered from poverty as well as himself, and that I had begged my way to the north of Germany.

"That is all over now," I added, "and I trust that we shall never know such days again."

"Well, you two have had a pretty hard life of it," said the good landlord—for we had been speaking in English all the time, so that he understood us. "You were great people in your own country, I dare say; and that made it all the harder for you."

"Not very great people," I replied, "but very comfortable, and very happy, till we were driven forth for no fault of our own."

I judged from what I saw of good Father Bonneville at this time, that he had not yet sufficiently recovered to return to Boston, and I therefore left him where he was for the night, promising to see him early on the following day. Although engaged to go out to a party in the city, I remained at home that evening pondering upon my course of action. I read over again, and more attentively, the letter from the notary, answered it, and signed the accounts, although to say truth, I knew little of the affairs to which they referred.

I then considered long, and somewhat anxiously, two plans which naturally suggested themselves to my mind. The first was to go to England, receive the sum which there awaited me, and establish myself with Father Bonneville in that country. But strange to say I had a dislike to the idea of visiting England.

Father Bonneville in all our wanderings, had shown no desire to take refuge in a land

where so many other emigrants had found safety and met with hospitality. Views prejudicial to England had been widely circulated amongst the inhabitants of all those countries which entertained feelings and jealousies against Great Britain, on account of her calm, steady, and, at the same time, extraordinary progress in arts, sciences, commerce and arms. Even the very Swiss, while they admired and applauded it, did not like England; and the isolation of her geographical position seemed to affect the character of her inhabitants as well as her policy and her interests. Like every one who has never been in England, I conceived the most false and inferior idea of her people, her views, and her very aspect. I imagined that it was a cold, bleak, ungenial country, everlastingly overhung by fogs, with the sun rarely, if ever, apparent, and deriving its great wealth and importance solely from its commerce. I believed the people to be haughty,

self-sufficient and repulsive, unsocial in all their habits, and although occasionally generous and benevolent, actuated upon all ordinary occasions by motives of self-interest and commercial selfishness. I had heard a great deal at Hamburgh, in the society of the professors there, of her treatment of scientific and literary men, of the cold neglect they experience, of their exclusion from all that forms the ambition of others, of the honors paid to them when dead, and the misery to which they were subjected while living. The old maxim still rang in my ears, that France was the country for a literary man to live in, and England for him to die in ; and I believed that there really could be very little good or generous in a nation which displayed such cold neglect and bitter injustice toward those who laboured to elevate the human mind, and whose names form no insignificant part of her glory.

I was now, I thought, in a beautiful and

youthful country, comprising within itself every climate and every soil, offering opportunity and encouragement to every one, where thought and action were free, where progress was rapid beyond conception, where no invidious distinctions existed, where competence, if not wealth, was the sure reward of exertion—a land of youth, of hope, and energy. I thought of England, in short, as England was at that time conventionally represented on the continents of Europe and of America ; not as I afterwards knew it to be. It is not wonderful, therefore, that in the end I determined to remain in the country where I then was, and to send for the funds which had been invested in London, without visiting Great Britain myself.

It must be remembered at the same time, that Napoleon was now in the plenitude of his power, commanding sovereigns and dictating to nations, and that England stood single-handed against a world in arms. There was

little hope therefore that I could aid even in the slightest degree in relieving France from the tyranny under which she groaned, and that seemed to me the only object worthy of desire, which could lead me once more to traverse the Atlantic.

When I laid down my head upon my pillow that night, my determination was fully taken to remain in the United States; and with my fondness for visionary prospects, I drew a pleasant picture of a New England farm, with competence and literary ease, and rural occupations, diversified by those sports of the field which I had enjoyed so much in other years. How soon, and how speedily, all such visions melted away; all such resolutions came to an end.

I rose the following morning, carried my letter to the post-office, and carelessly asked if there were any communications for me. The good man with spectacles, answered yes, and

from a great bundle, took out a letter for which he demanded a high postage. It came from New Orleans, and contained but a few words to the following effect:—

"Faithful to my promise, I have made every inquiry, Monsieur De Lacy, for the friends in regard to whose fate you were anxious when I saw you. Of the good Father Bonneville I have been able to obtain no intelligence; but Madame de Salins and Mademoiselle, her daughter, are now in London, and perhaps a letter addressed to them at *numero* 3, Swallow Street, may obtain for you information regarding Monsieur De Bonneville.

"Accept the assurances of the constant consideration and regard of—

"Your devoted,

"CHARLES DU FOUR."

What was it that possessed me! What was it in the sight of those few words which altered in a moment all my determinations! I speak sincerely—and I looked into my own heart at the time, and have done so often since—and I believe that it was solely the awakening of old associations—the revival of the memories of happy youthful days. I pictured Father Bonneville, and Mariette and myself all living together again, as we had done in those happy days on the banks of the Rhine, and my teaching Mariette to read and write, totally forgetting that she was no longer a little girl of six or seven years old, and of our having a pretty house of our own, and a nice garden, and spending our days in pleasantness and peace. We are all dream-led in this world, and this was but one of the pleasantest dreams of my life, come back upon me to show how much the visions of imagination can effect against the realities of reason. I left the door

of the post-office, where I read the letter, with my resolution fixed—and now unchangeable—to visit England as soon as Father Bonneville was well enough to undertake the voyage.

CHAPTER VI.

A NEW LAND.

I was on the deck about half-past six ante-meridian, on as fine a morning as ever broke upon the world. We had encountered very severe gales, varying from the north-west, at which they first began, almost all round the compass. I could not think what was in the weather. Its only object seemed to be, to battle the sea and to fret the Atlantic. One glorious thunder-storm had diversified the

monotony of the voyage, and I shall never forget either the grand masses of cloud which rose up in the splendor of the evening from the sea, like the purple mountains of a new land, rising under the wand of an enchanter, or the vivid flashes of the lightning as they blazed around us during the live-long night. The thunder, I must confess, was far less loud and sublime than I have heard it on land, where rocks and mountains and forests send it roaring through innumerable echoes.

To this storm succeeded much calmer weather, and on the morning which I now speak of, the vessel with all sail set, and a favorable wind, could barely reckon five knots an hour. There was a soft and sleepy splendor about the sky as the sun rose—a bright softness of atmosphere, almost misty—which received and retained long a tint from the rosy coloring of the sun's early rays.

My approach to the coast of America, after the first voyage I had ever made, had greatly

disappointed me. Long, flat lines, like low islands in a river, were not the contrast one anticipated after sailing over the vast Atlantic; but as we now bore onward, I suddenly beheld upon the left, a number of immense rocky masses, of a pale violet color, with the sea, even in that calm weather, breaking furiously upon them, and not long after, on the right, some high, precipitous rocks detached from what seemed to be the main land, and forming as I imagined, the point of a peninsula, sheltering the beautiful bay into which we seemed slowly gliding.

I asked the helmsman what these two objects were; and he replied—

"The Scilly Islands and the Needles."

This then was England—the England of which all the world had heard so much—the fortress of the deep; slow to engage in warfare: resolute when once engaged: unconquerable: inexpugnable: with a vitality that defied time and change: with a progress which

had something sublime in its calm, fearless, equable march. This was the England which had twice produced the conquerors of France, which had subjected a world to the influence of its science and its literature; whose sails were on every sea; whose arms were in each hemisphere; whose name was a redoubted passport in every land! whose language was spoken on the coast of every continent. This then was England! And those rocky cliffs, and rugged peaks, in their grand, silent majesty, seemed to me the image and the emblem of the people.

As we slowly sailed on, keeping very near the coast, to get the most favourable wind, and under the directions of a pilot, steering in and out amongst banks, which added the interest of some peril to the general charm of the scenery, the aspect of the country softened. Beautiful green slopes, rich woods, gay looking towns, a picturesque country-house here and there, and a group of cottages crowning a bold

cliff or nested at its foot, were seen all along the line of coast, and the very first sight of that country filled the mind with ideas of home comfort, and sweet domestic peace, and the rich prosperity of an industrious, law-fearing people, and an equable, but firm government more strongly than the aspect of any other land I have ever seen. Oh! how all my prepossessions vanished before that sight—and when about nine o'clock I persuaded Father Bonneville to come upon deck, as we were proceeding calmly up a channel between two lands, both plainly visible, the good old man would hardly believe his eyes that this fair, sunshiny, beautiful country, was the England of which he had so often heard.

It is the most extraordinary fact I know, that no foreigner whom I have ever met with, who has never visited England, (and comparatively few of those who have,) has had the slightest idea of what the land really is, or what are its inhabitants. A Frenchman knows

more of what is passing beyond the equator, than he knows of what exists on the other side of the narrow British channel.

The slow progress we made, which was not increased in speed in the least by the cursing and swearing of the pilot, one of the most blasphemous fellows I ever met with—rendered it late in the evening before we approached Portsmouth, whither we were bound to deliver a large cargo of various sorts of wood, to be employed experimentally, in the works of the great naval arsenal there established. It was some occasion of rejoicing, or of ceremony—as far as I recollect, some Prince, or great man, or foreign minister, was taking his departure from the port—and as we approached Spithead, where a number of enormous castle-like vessels were lying, the thunder of cannon from the forts seemed to make the very irresponsive sea echo.

We landed as speedily as possible; and I

cannot say that the aspect of humanity did not somewhat detract from the impression of the approach. We were surrounded by a number of greedy and clamorous people, each of whom seemed to have some peculiar object to serve, and escaped from them with difficulty, into a lumbering, dirty, and foul-smelling vehicle, with a broken window, and straw under our feet. We had obtained the name of a good inn, however, and thither we ordered the coachman to drive.

The appearance of the place, as we passed through the streets, was somewhat like that of the lower part of Boston; but when we reached the hotel, the aspect of all things was very different, and I must confess much more agreeable. There was a neatness, a comfortableness, an attention without servility which was very pleasant. Two rooms were shown to Father Bonneville and myself as our sleeping rooms, where everything was clean, precise, and regular,

giving one for the first time a complete notion of what is meant by the term snug. In each there was firing ready laid and only waiting to be lighted, and in the sitting-room, which was large and handsome, and connected with one of the bed-rooms, the grate was already blazing with a bright coal fire. We were scarcely installed when a waiter, with an apron as white as snow, and a linen jacket without a spot upon it, came in with a long paper in his hand, which he called a bill of fare, and asked us to choose what we would have for dinner.

As Father Bonneville's stomach was still somewhat under the influence of the sea, I selected what I thought would suit him best, and with a rapidity, truly marvellous, the table was laid with a bright clean damask cloth, and abundance of silver and glass, the fire was poked, bread, and supernumerary plates and dishes set upon a sideboard, and in three

minutes after, two waiters appeared, bringing in various articles of food, while a somewhat stately personage at their head, dressed in black coat and black silk stockings, carried a silver covered dish, which he placed at the top of the table.

I had chosen plainly enough, and the cookery was plain also ; but the very look of the viands, their tenderness, their excellence, might have provoked gluttony in an anchorite.

Even good Father Bonneville recovered his appetite; and a glass of wine, though savouring too much of brandy, for either his palate or my own, aided in raising his spirits which had been somewhat depressed before.

Leaning his head gently on one side after the cloth was cleared away and the waiters had disappeared, with fine, clear, tall lights upon the table, the curtains closely drawn, and the fire crackling and sparkling, and making strange faces for us in the grate, he began to

talk to me about England, in a sort of dreamy memory-like manner, which made me for a moment fear that the good old man's brain had suffered from grief, and sickness, and time, and that he was slightly wandering.

"It is many years, Louis," he said, "since I was last in this land of England. It was a very different land then—or I have much forgotten it. True, I saw not much of the country; for my life was in the capital—a great gloomy city, as it seemed to me, with grand and splendid things going on in it, but which—being excluded from most of them by my profession—seemed like pictures in what they call a phantasmagoria, where suddenly out of grim darkness, richly robed figures rush upon you, and are lost again in a moment."

"I never knew you had been in England, my dear friend," I replied. "You never told me so, I think."

"No," he said, thoughtfully, "no. But I

was in London for nearly eighteen months: the chaplain to the Embassy. Your father was a boy then, Louis, and I taught him as I have taught you."

This was coming upon a subject which I had often wished to broach, but which he had never even approached before. I know not what were the feelings which had prevented me from asking questions. Perhaps they were mingled. We recollect such sensations more indistinctly than facts that strike the eye and ear, and fix themselves upon memory by many holds. Certain I am, however, that it was not want of curiosity or interest, especially during our residence in Germany and Switzerland, where I began to think of everything, and of my own fate and situation more than anything else. As far as I can recollect, Father Bonneville's careful avoidance of the subject, and a sort of dark awe I felt at removing the veil from what was evidently a mystery, a sort of impression that

there was something dreadful and horrible behind, often sealed my lips at the moment I was about to speak. Now, however, I had tasted enough of sorrow in the world to have manly resolution, and though Father Bonneville's weak state of health had prevented me from inquiring since we had again met, I asked, at once—

"Who was my father?"

He laid his hand gently upon mine, as I sat beside him, near the table, and looked in my face with an expression not to be forgotten—so mild—so tender—so sorrowful.

"Ask me no questions, Louis," he said. "Ask me no questions just now. You will hear soon enough; and until I know why the remittances which were always made me for your support and education were withheld when I was in America, I am bound not to speak. If what I fear, is the case, my lips will be unsealed. If not, you must wait patiently yet awhile."

I looked down gloomily on the ground for a moment, and then asked in a cold, somewhat bitter tone—

"Tell me at least, good Father, is there anything disgraceful in my birth?"

"Nothing, nothing," he exclaimed, clasping his hands vehemently.

"Then was my father a villain, a knave, or a coward?" I asked.

"I loved him well," replied Father Bonneville, in a tone of deep emotion, "and so help me heaven, as I believe there never did exist upon this earth a more gallant gentleman, a more honourable and upright man, or a more sincere Christian than your father. He was only too good for his age and for his country."

A deep silence succeeded, which continued for several minutes, and then, with a sort of gentle art, he turned the conversation to my residence in Germany, and my poor Louise—for by this time I had told him all—and strove

to win me from a subject which he saw agitated me so much, by leading me to one of milder sorrow. But my heart was too full to bear it; my replies were as brief as reverence for him would permit, and thus ended our first day in England.

CHAPTER VII.

LONDON, FIFTY YEARS AGO.

THERE was a night coach to London, and I was very anxious to arrive in the great city; but Father Bonneville was now feeling strongly the effects of age, and I would not expose him to the fatigue of a long night journey. We set off, therefore, on the following morning, and I can hardly express the effect produced upon my mind by the first sight of the vehicle which was to convey us.

It was the stage-coach in its utmost perfection, light, small, and compact, beautifully painted, newly washed, with leather harness, and four bay horses, which seemed, to my eyes, fitted for the race-course. It was so unlike anything I had ever seen in Germany, in France, or in America, so light, so neat, so jaunty, so rapid, so perfect in all its parts and appointments, that it stood out at once from everything else in my mind, as a pure and unadulterated bit of England—an exponent, as it were, of the habits of the country and the mind of the people. When we came to get in, indeed, and take our seats, we found ourselves a little cramped for room. The back, too, was stiff and rigid, and our legs had but little space to stretch themselves out, intertwined with those of our fellow passengers.

"This, too, is a bit of England," I thought.

When at length the coachman had mounted the box—when the reins were gathered up,

and the first smack of the whip given, poor Father Bonneville looked more nervous and uneasy than he had done while I was driving him down the hill over the frontier of France.

On we went, however, at a pace which seemed to take away his breath, rattling in and out amongst carts and waggons, and horses and dogs, touching nothing, though seeming every moment about to be dashed to pieces against some great lumbering dray, or to kill a score or two of old people and children.

The coach was heavily laden on the top: men's legs and feet were hanging down in all quarters, and we seemed to sway from side to side with a terrible inclination to precipitate ourselves into the window of some early-risen shopkeeper in Portsmouth.

At length, much to my satisfaction, we were out of the town; and after passing over some wide and curious-looking downs, unlike

anything else I had ever seen in other lands, we entered upon a richer and better cultivated country, and the real face of England—old England—merry England, as it has been endearingly called, spread out before me like a garden. And it is a garden—the garden of the world.

I know not why, but the very heaths and moors—and we passed several of them—seemed to have an air of comfort and sunny cheerfulness, superior to the cultivated fields of other lands.

From time to time when we stopped to change horses, though it was done with a marvellous rapidity, which allowed but little time for questions, I asked an ostler or a waiter the names of various places we had passed; and I remarked that the English must be very fond of the devil, as they had made him god-father to every place for which they could not well find an epithet. I heard of Devil's dykes, Devil's punch-bowl, and Devil's jumps, at every step.

We paused to dine, as it was called, at a small town, beautifully situated amongst some fine sweeping hills, and on asking the name, found that it was called Godalming.

"*Gott Allgemein*," I said, turning to Father Bonneville, who nodded his head. But it was an unfortunate speech; for one of our fellow-travellers, a great, fat, black-looking man, dressed in mourning, who had never opened his mouth during the day, but who had continued reading a book, let the coach rattle and roll as it would, now fixed upon me as an antiquary, and tormented me during the whole of the rest of the journey with a dissertation upon pottery, and sepulchral urns, and Roman coins, when I wished to observe the country, and gain information regarding the new land which I had just entered.

He evidently took me for an Englishman; but my companion he soon found out to be an emigrant, and compensated in some degree for his tiresomeness, by giving us the names of

several good inns—"Where," he added, with a gentle inclination of his head toward Father Bonneville, "there were waiters who could speak French."

My good old friend was a little mortified, I believe; for he flattered himself that his English was without accent.

Night fell while we were yet some distance from London, and still we rattled on at the same velocity, till our heavy friend in the corner thought fit to inform us that we were entering London. It did not seem to be an agreeable entrance at all; for the dark streets, lighted by very dim globe lamps shining through a fog, into which we seemed to plunge, had a somewhat forbidding aspect to the eye of a stranger, and the multitude of figures hurrying along on both sides of the way, now seen, now lost, as they came under the lamps, or passed the blazing shop-fronts, looked like phantoms of the dead pursued by some evil spirit. The noise too was intolerable; for

vehicles were running in every direction, making an awful clatter as we clattered by them, while through the whole was heard a dull, everlasting grumble, as if the city suffered under one continual thunderstorm.

At length, we dashed up to the door of an inn, and every one began to jump out or down, and to scramble for trunks or portmanteaus, as best he might.

I cannot say that our first night's residence in London was peculiarly agreeable; for besides being both heated and tired, stiff and cramped, we had the delight of being half-devoured by bugs till dawn of day.

Poor Father Bonneville rose late, nearly as much fatigued with his night's rest as with his day's journey. But immediately after breakfast, we set out to seek for better accommodation. I proposed that we should go to one of the inns which hed been mentioned; but he advised, strongly, that we should take a small lodging, adding—" London, when I re-

collect it, was the greatest place for lodgings in the world."

So we still found it; for in many streets as we walked along, we saw "Furnished lodgings to let," written on a piece of paper, and stuck up in the window of almost every other house. Some of these we passed by, as likely to be too fine and expensive for our purposes. We looked at others, and were not satisfied. In one, dirt and smoke were too evident to both eye and nose. At another, the young ladies of the mansion appeared not such as we wished to dwell amongst. In other places, again, we were not fortunate enough to give satisfaction ourselves.

One stout lady, to whom Father Bonneville addressed some inquiries, stuck her large, bare, blue arms akimbo, and said she would not let her lodgings "to foriners," adding—in not a very indistinct tone—"They 'se all on um so dirty."

The good Father, the cleanest man upon the

face of earth, was deeply mortified at this insinuation, and turned away indignant. I laughed and followed; and at length we found a little place, which seemed to suit us well, in a street running from the Haymarket, westward. For a guinea and a half a week, we were to have two bed-rooms and a sitting-room. The lady of the house, or her she helot, was to cook for us for five shillings per week more, and all promised very well, when I had nearly spoiled the whole bargain by inquiring if there were any bugs.

"Bugs!" cried the indignant dame. "Bugs! If you think there are any bugs, you had better not come here, young man."

I found afterward that no house in London is ever admitted to have bugs during the day, however potently they may make their existence known during the night. She was quieted down at length, however, and seemed quite pacified, when I paid her down the first week's rent beforehand, so as to secure her

revenue whether there were bugs or not; and when she saw four or five very respectable looking trunks of American manufacture brought to the house from the inn, she became exceedingly reverential, and, to do her all justice, remained so till the end of our stay.

To finish with bugs, however, at once and for ever, I may as well add that, two days after our arrival, I found a very unpleasant looking gentleman, in a brown coat, walking over my dressing-table, and calling the landlady, I pointed it out to her.

"Good lauk-a-daisy!" she exclaimed, in a tone of sweet simplicity: "what can it be? I never saw such a thing in my life. If it's a bug, sir, you must have brought it from the inn with your pokemantles. That would be a sad case to have the house stocked with um."

I said nothing more, lest I should provoke her to bring an action for damages against me; but I found that, in the course of the morning,

she went over all the rooms with a curious sort of an instrument, like a tin kettle, from which she emitted jets of scalding steam into all the cracks and crevices, and I will acknowledge that boiled bugs are not half so offensive as raw.

It took us a whole day to get shaken into our new abode, and to eat some exceedingly fat mutton-chops—about the fourth part of what the lady had provided for our dinner. What became of the remainder we never discovered, and I perceived, though Father Bonneville did not, that either from the sea air which we had lately enjoyed, or from some other cause, we had become inhumanly carnivorous, consuming at least, ten times the quantity of beef and mutton in a week than we had ever consumed in our lives before, together with an enormous quantity of bread and butter, and tea enough to have poisoned a Mandarin.

On the following day, with the good Father

on my arm, I set out in search of Madame de Salins, taking care to ask our landlady, in the first place, the way to Swallow street.

"If you will just strike away by the market, sir—that is, St. James's market—I don't mean Carnaby, that's a great way off, and take away up toward Oxford street, you'll come right upon the end of Swallow street—or you can turn in by Major Foubert's passage."

I explained to her that I knew neither of the markets she mentioned, and had not the slightest acquaintance with her military friend who kept the passage; and then she laughed, and cried—

"Good lauk-a-daisy! I forgot. What a head I have to be sure; but there are so many things always a runnin' in it."

She then entered more into detail, told me the streets I was to take, by the designation of right hand and left hand, and counted up the turnings on her fat fingers, with which better

information we set out, and steered pretty accurately. As we sent, I could not refrain from talking to my good old friend about Madame de Salins and Mariette.

"Dear little thing," I said: "I wonder if she recollects me."

"She is probably no little thing now, Louis," replied Father Bonneville, with a smile. "You always speak of her as if she was still a child; but she must be nearly a woman now."

I gave a sigh; for I would fain have had Mariette always a child—the same little Mariette I had loved so well. I did not think she had any right to grow older; and the idea of that sweet little creature metamorphosed into a great, raw school girl, of between fourteen and fifteen, was almost as painful to me as the sight of sweet Anne Page changed into a great lubberly boy to poor Slender.

I was destined to a worse disappointment, however. Of all the streets in London, Swal-

low Street was perhaps the most dim, dingy, and unprepossessing I had as yet seen, and when we found out number three, it presented to us a chemist's shop, of a very poor class, with the windows so dirty, and spotted with dust and rain, that the blue and red bottles within were hardly visible. Over the door was the name of the proprietor, "Giraud," which was promising as a French name, and in we dived to make inquiries. Monsieur Giraud himself, proved, as we expected, a French emigrant, but he was the most sullen, uncommunicative, repulsive Frenchman I ever met with. I suppose exile, misfortune, and a poor trade had soured him. However, he showed us nothing but brutality as long as we spoke English, and was not very civil when we began to talk to him in French.

He knew nothing of Madame de Salins, he said! there was no such person in his house. There had been a whole heap of them, he added, when he bought the place some six months

before, and he believed there was a woman and her daughter amongst them, but he had turned them all out, and knew nothing more of them.

The idea of Madame de Salins and my pretty little Mariette being forced to dwell at all in such a dim and dingy den, and then being turned into the street by such an old weazle-faced animal as that, roused my indignation, and I replied sharply, that he seemed to have very little compassion for his fellows in misfortune.

"*Sacre bleu!* Why should I have compassion upon any men?" he asked bitterly; "they have had no compassion upon me. But I can have compassion, too. There's that old rogue of a marquis up stairs. I let him have the room, dirt cheap, at his prayers and entreaties, although he would have turned up his nose at me in Paris. You can go and ask him if he knows any thing of the people you want—There, up that stairs."

I mounted fast, and Father Bonneville followed me; the chemist shouting after me to go up to the third floor. There, in a wretched garret, we found one of the most miserable objects I ever beheld. Seated by a little fire, in a room hardly habitable, was an old man of upward of seventy, shrunk in body and limbs, but with his face bloated and heavy. He had got on an old, tattered dressing-gown, and a thick, black night-cap, and one of his legs was swathed in flannel. He held a little saucepan in his hand, over the fire, cooking a *ragout* for himself, and an empty plate, with a knife and fork, stood upon the table, on which also lay a broad ribbon and a star. When we entered, he started up, and seeing two well-dressed strangers, set down the saucepan, wrapped his gown a little closer round him, and then drawing his two heels together, made us the bow of a dancing-master. He forgot not his *politesse* for a moment, and besought us to be seated, with a simpering, half-fatuous smile,

pointing to one whole and one half-chair, and then begged to know to what he might attribute the felicity of our visit—perhaps we were mistaken, he added, as he had not the pleasure of knowing us. We might be in search of some other person, but his poor name was Le Marquis de Carcassonne.

I felt Father Bonneville, who was behind me, catch my arm suddenly, as if to check me for some reason; but I was anxious to obtain intelligence of Madame de Salins, and I asked the old gentleman if he could give us any news of her. He was profoundly grieved, he said in answer, that it was out of his power. He knew the family, by repute, well, and had heard of them even in London; but it was his inexpressible misfortune not to know where they were or what they were doing. He bowed as he spoke, as if he sought to signify that our audience was at its close, but before we retired, he added—

"May I inquire, monsieurs, if it be not in-

discreet, whom I have the honor of seeing? I only ask, that I may tell Madame de Salins that you have done her the honor of calling upon her, in case I should meet with her in society."

I replied briefly that my name was "Monsieur De Lacy," but those words produced in an instant the most extraordinary effect. The bloated face of the old man, red and carbuncled as it was, turned deadly pale. He stood for a moment, and I could see him shake. I thought he was going to faint, but the next instant he walked to the chair, seated himself slowly, and waved his hand, saying—

"Go, go."

At the same moment, Father Bonneville pulled me by the arm, exclaiming more vehemently than was usual with him:

"Come away, Louis, come away!"

I followed him down the stairs, and out into the street, and then asked—with a heart beat-

ing strangely—what was the meaning of all that had occurred, and who that old man was.

"The bitterest enemy of your family," replied Father Bonneville; "the murderer of your father. And is this the end of all his pride, ruthless ambition and blood-thirsty persecution of the innocent! Ask me no questions, Louis, but avoid that man. The venom may be extinct, but he is a serpent still."

CHAPTER VIII.

BANKING MATTERS.

I WALKED home from the house in Swallow Street exceedingly melancholy. That there was some dark mystery about my fate was clear, and, it presented itself in a more painful and tangible shape to my mind now, than it had ever done before; but, in truth, I must own that this was neither the sole nor the principal cause of the gloom that now fell upon me. I had looked forward to the meeting with

Madame de Salins and Mariette, with a sort of childish, delighted expectation, which had given a relief to darker and more sorrowful thoughts. A thousand sweet memories of childhood had risen up like flowers to cover the grave of more mature affection; and now they had withered also. A sensation of despondency came upon me; an impression: a feeling that I was never to be happy in affection; and this sort of sombre prepossession seemed to connect itself somehow with the fate of my family and my race.

It must not be thought, indeed, that I gave myself up to such dreary feelings without struggling against them, and even on the way back, I strove to speak cheerfully, and to answer Father Bonneville's hopeful assertion, that we should find Madame de Salins yet, not quite as confidently, but without any display of the doubts which had passession of my own mind.

At heart, however, I had given up all hope.

I had never been one of those sanguine people, who believed their fortunes to be written in the chapter of accidents; and what but accident could produce a meeting between us and those we sought for, now that all clue was lost. Where, in that vast world of London—where in that thickly-peopled country, were we ever to hear of two unknown, and probably poor, exiles, such as Madame de Salins and her daughter. The very crowds that passed us in the street, hurrying eagerly and rapidly along, each one thinking of himself with eager face, and hardly noticing the others who passed, seemed to forbid such expectations.

"No no," I said to myself. "They are lost to us now, probably for ever."

I would not transact any business that day, although several hours of daylight still remained, and it would have been much better probably to have plunged into dry details at once; but there is generally an apathy about disappointment, at least there was with myself,

and obtaining some books from a library, I sat reading somewhat listlessly during the whole evening, for many hours after Father Bonneville had retired to rest. From time to time I laid down the book, indeed, and thought of myself and of my future, and cross-examined myself in regard to the past.

The book I had been reading was a sentimental one of the day, but not without considerable power. It treated of love, amongst other things, and painted that passion with a fire and vehemence rarely seen in the works of English writers. I tried to test my love for my poor Louise, by the sentiments there expressed, and I felt sorry and angry with myself to find that my own feelings had never come up to the standard before me. That I had loved her with a deep, sincere, and strong attachment, I knew—I was sure; and her gentle sweetness during her last hours, and her early fate, had only endeared her to me more, and made her memory precious to me. But yet I

felt disappointed, grieved that I had not experienced that strong, vehement passion which the book before me depicted. It seemed almost to me as if I wronged her—as if she had been worthy of better, more earnest love than mine.

Upon the whole, the reading of that night, and the reflections which came with it, served not at all to cheer me; and I determined the next day to do what I had better have done at once—plunge into business, arrange my affairs, and ascertain precisely what my future means were to be.

My first visit, of course, was to be made to the banker who had received the remittances from Germany, and I asked Father Bonneville to go with me. He declined, however, saying that he had some little affairs to transact himself, and would meet me at dinner in the evening. At this time, by an easy transition, he and I seemed to have in some degree changed places. I was anxious about him,

careful of him, and hardly fancied that in that vast strange place he was capable of taking care of himself. I made him promise, therefore, that he would take a hackney coach, and went away, not wishing to seem inquisitive as to his errand, although I could not help believing that I had personally something to do with the business he was about to transact.

At the bankers' it was soon perceived by the clerks that I was utterly ignorant of business; but on giving my name, and stating what I wanted, I was introduced into a small, dingy room at the back of the building, where candles were lighted, and were necessary. By their light I perceived a fine-looking old gentleman, with a square face, and a large bald head, glossy as a mirror. My name had been announced to him before I entered, and he rose and shook me warmly by the hand, congratulating me on my safe arrival in England.

"We have had a little trouble," he said, "about this business, for our friends at Hamburgh have

a strange way of remitting money, by mercantile bills, for all sorts of sums, and at very various dates—none of them very long, it is true, but it gives our clerks a great deal of pains in collecting; and if you had arrived a month ago, you would have found that part of the business not concluded, Count.

"I beg your pardon," I said, with a smile, "I believe I have no right to the title you give me, although my recollections of France do not go further back than a period when all titles had been abolished. Citizen was the ordinary name in those days, and if strangers gave me any title at all at my age, it was 'Gamin.'"

The banker seemed surprised, and for a moment looked a little suspicious, as if he thought it might be a case of personation.

"But you are the gentleman," he said, "who married the daughter of Professor—Professor—"

"Of Professor Haas," I said, in a grave tone.

"Ay exactly, exactly—Professor Haas," rejoined the banker. "But you have, of course, the letter announcing this remittance to our hands?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, now seeing in which way his suspicions turned; "I have both the letter from Hamburgh, and the marriage contract, which I shall always keep. There is the letter;" and taking out my pocket-book, I handed it to him. The banker himself could make nothing of the contents, for it was written in German, of which he did not understand a word; but he sent for a clerk who did, and in the meanwhile pointed out something I had never remarked before in the address, which was written in a good, round, text hand. At the top was written as usual, "*â monsieur*," and underneath appeared, somewhat run together, the words, "*Le comte*," which I had read Louis.

"You see he gives you the 'Count' at all events," said the banker, rubbing his hands.

"I did not remark it before," I answered; "and I shall certainly never take the title here."

"By the way, by the way," said the banker, "if I recollect right, there is a letter for you here;" and handing the one I had given him to the clerk who had now entered, he said to him—"Be so good as to read that, and let me know what it says."

The clerk read off fluently, and translated with ease the contents of the notary's letter, and then said, pointing to me—

"This must be the Count de Lacy, sir."

"He wont have the count—he wont have the count," cried the banker, laughing.

"Well, sir, I suppose that is as he pleases," said the grave clerk; "but had I not better get the letter that is here for him?"

It was soon brought, and I found it was from my good friend the notary, containing two documents of much but very different interest. The one was an inscription for the tomb of my poor Louise, drawn up by his fellow executor, in which she was styled Countess de Lacy; and the other was a letter from London, which had been received by one of the principal authorities of Hamburgh, informing him that a rumour had reached persons in England, interested in the welfare of a young gentleman named Louis Count de Lacy, to the effect that he and his tutor Father Bonneville, having emigrated from France, and been driven out of Switzerland, were directing their steps towards the North of Germany, or to Russia; and requesting the authorities of Hamburgh, if they should appear in that city, to notify to Father Bonneville that the allowance previously made would be continued; but that the banking-house at which it was

paid was changed to one which had been mentioned in a previous letter.

"This will be good news for Father Bonneville," I said, handing the letter to the banker, who could make that out very well.

He seemed now perfectly satisfied, but still inquired where Father Bonneville was to be found.

I replied that he was with me in London, which seemed to satisfy him still more; and the clerk nodded his head, and said in a significant tone—

"It's all right, sir."

Wonderful it is, how many men, who transact a great deal of very important business, are mere machines, guided by their subordinates. They are but the hands of the clock, moved by wheels below them. Probably but for the clerk's saying, "It's all right, sir!" I should have got through very little business that day.

Now, however, everything went on smoothly. Accounts were produced; calculations rapidly made; various particulars, which might as well have been written in Sanscrit, were explained to me in terms which might as well have been Arabic; and in the end I found myself possessed of property which the banker informed me would produce, if rightly invested, an income of about eight hundred pounds a year.

As I had never been accustomed to calculate in pounds sterling, I found it somewhat difficult to get the idea thereof disconnected from that of dollars, and the banker had to explain to me, that eight hundred pounds a year made so many *marks' banco*, before I perceived that I was what might be considered a very wealthy man—at least in Germany. I knew that the good professor had possessed the reputation of being so; but I was not before aware to what extent his accumulations had gone. My good

friend the banker advised me to have the amount invested for the time in public funds, offered his assistance and advice as to its future employment, and ended by inviting both myself and Father Bonneville to dine with him on that day week.

I accepted for myself, but expressed a fear that my old companion would not be well enough to go into society, and then took my leave, for it was by this time late, and the banking-house was at the far end of that dingy, busy, industrious ant-hill called "the city."

When I got home to our little lodging, I found that Father Bonneville had returned, and was waiting dinner for me; and I could see by his face in a moment, that whatever had been the object of his expedition in the morning, he had been disappointed. I gave him a general account of what had occurred, told him the amount which we might annually

count upon, and in the end gave him the letter which had been sent to the authorities at Hamburgh, which seemed to afford him some satisfaction, but not so much as I had anticipated.

He made very few comments upon the letter itself, but pointed to the title of Count which had been given to me with a melancholy smile, saying—

"You have a right to it, Louis, but if you take my advice, you will not assume it in this country."

"I do not intend, my dear friend," I replied; "but really all these mysteries are painful to me. The time must come when all these things should be explained, and I would fain know when that will be."

"Yet a little, yet a little, Louis," replied the good Father, with a deprecating look. "It may be one or two years, but not more, I think—not more."

"But, good Father," I answered, "you ought, at all events, to give me the means of tracing out my own history, even though I use them not for the time you mention. Life is uncertain, and were you taken from me, I have not the slightest clue."

"You will find it amongst my papers, whenever death calls me hence," replied Father Bonneville. "Every information and proof I collected long ago; and in all the passages which we have lately undergone—in exile—in poverty, and in peril, I have preserved them safely. But I really would not take this name of Count—I would call myself merely Mr. De Lacy. That is a common name in England; and you may very well pass for an Englishman—the other title might do harm."

I again assured him that I had no intention of assuming any title at all. But however strong might be my resolution, I found it difficult to keep. The banker's clerks knew me by

that title; and the banker himself, when I went to dine with him, used it in introducing me to several people. I declined it, however, wherever I could do so without affectation, and made it sufficiently apparent that it was no assumption of my own.

The party was large; the house in the west end of the town, most magnificent; and a great number of persons were present, some of whom I found were of the *élite* of London society. It was very much the same sort of party as all others in great capitals; and most of my readers must have seen a thousand such. There were several insignificant puppies, several equally insignificant, but very pretty young women, a majority, however, of highly respectable, well-informed, gentleman-like, but not very interesting people, and two or three of higher qualities, polished, but not worn down in the polishing, with hearts as well as minds, and not only with information, but with the will and the power to apply it.

It fortunately happened for me that some of these sat near me at the table. One was a lady of the middle age, who was called Lady Maria, and whose husband, a Commoner, and an eminent lawyer, sat higher up the table; and another was a young man, dressed in the very height of fashion, and having a somewhat foppish air, which at first prejudiced me a little against him.

I soon found occasion to change my opinion however; for, though he did not talk much, whatever he did say was to the point; and allusion having been made to one of those very common cases in great cities, where a man of high rank had behaved very ill to a lady somewhat inferior in station, my friend with mustaches, on the right, burst suddenly forth in a strain of indignant reprobation, which made some of the other guests smile, and one of the ladies say, laughingly—

"You have been so long away, Charley,

following your uncivilized trade of fighting, that you have forgotten how delicately such civilized vices require to be treated."

"They shall never be treated delicately by me, my dear aunt," replied the young gentleman; "and at all events, I haven't forgotten one thing in my trade of fighting, that there is such a thing as honor, which must be remembered as much in our conduct towards a woman, as in our conduct towards a man."

When the ladies had retired, he remained next to me, and we had a good deal of conversation. I found he was a cavalry officer, who had seen some service, notwithstanding his youth; and was in London for a few months on leave of absence, in order to recover completely from a severe wound in the chest. He once or twice called me Count; but as we grew better acquainted over the wine, I begged him to drop the title, as it was not my intention to assume it at all, while in England at least.

"It is my right, I believe," I said; "but I quitted France at a very early period, and have never been so called."

"Well, I think you are right," he replied. "Since England has become the exile's home, as we are proud to call it, we have had such a crowd of Counts and Marquises of different kinds, that we have a difficulty in distinguishing the genuine from the false. You would, of course, pass muster, both from your appearance, and from the fact, which our good friend the banker here has taken care to communicate to tongues that will spread it, that you are that phœnix amongst Counts and Marquises—a rich *emigré*. But the title of Count would do you no good amongst our best people, who will like you quite as well as plain Mr. De Lacy; and as such, if you will permit me, I will ask for you to-morrow."

I expressed the great pleasure I should have to see him, giving him my address. But

I will not dwell longer on this dinner-party, as the few incidents I have related were the only ones which occurred that had any effect upon my fate.

CHAPTER IX.

GLIMPSES OF THE LOST.

New circumstances justified many new arrangements, upon which I will only dwell for a moment.

The morning after the dinner-party at the banker's, Father Bonneville and I had a long conversation in regard to our future proceedings. The sum I now possessed seemed almost as large to the good Father's notions as to my own; for, to say truth, he had not much

more experience in money matters than myself.

It was agreed that we should set up housekeeping together ; I insisted that he should have a little vehicle—one of those neat one-horse equipages, in producing which England excels the whole world—and he hinted that I had better have a saddle-horse, when one man would do for both.

Between twelve and one o'clock, my new friend, Captain Westover, came to see me, and was taken into our councils. He somewhat clouded our sanguine views of wealth, by explaining to us the expenses of English living ; but still, with all allowances made, we found that we had ample means for anything within our ambition, and in the course of the explanations which took place, I learned that, in addition to what I had myself, Father Bonneville counted on receiving from some source or another, the sum of three hundred pounds per annum.

After half-an-hour's chat, Captain Westover proposed to drive me out in search of horses and houses, in a machine of his, then very fashionable in London, called a tilbury, which had brought him to the door. His servant was turned out, and I took the vacant place.

He advised me strongly, for a time at least, to take a furnished cottage at some little distance from London.

"You can come in when you like," he said, "and there you will be more out of harm's way. Excuse me, De Lacy," he continued with a laugh, "but every man entering a great town like this, must be a little green at first, whatever may be his experience of other places. It would be better for you to come to a knowledge of London by degrees, and that can only be done by living a little way out of it. With all its vices, its knavery, and its abomination, there is no place like this great capital of ours

in the world for the comfort of having every thing that one can want, or desire, or dream of, ready for one in an instant. Each man can choose according to his means or his ambition. From the St. Giles' cellar of the thief or the professional beggar, to the princely palace of the nobleman or the great merchant, every thing is at hand, and two or three taps of an enchanter's wand bring it into presence in a moment. So I will answer for it, that we shall find what you want in the way of a house, in two or three hours; but don't have it too big: otherwise people will be coming to dine with you and stay all night, a most harmonious and agreeable way of being eaten out of house and home."

Though brisk, active, generous and dashing, Captain Westover was a good man of business, knew whatever he did know, well, was aware of the right price of every thing, and I believe in the course of the next two or three weeks,

saved me several hundred pounds, besides putting me completely in the way of doing the same for myself at an after period.

I will not dwell upon all our perquisitions. Let me come to the result. Behold me, in the spring of the year, possessed of an exceedingly neat, detached cottage, close upon Blackheath, with a beautiful garden filled with shrubs and flowers, furniture excellent and abundant, two horses in the stable, as pretty a little pony carriage as it was possible to imagine, and a middle-aged groom, who though an active honest and excellent servant, had just been dismissed by a noble lord, because he had got the asthma, and puffed like a grampus. He did his duty well, however, and I did not mind his puffing. His name, moreover, was Lucas Jones, or Jones Lucas—which, I never could make out, and I do not think he knew well himself.

All the world was at that time volunteering.

Napoleon Bonaparte threatened an invasion of England, and fondly fancied he could swallow up that stubborn little island as easily as he had gulped down half the kingdoms of the continent; but little did he know the spirit that he roused in the people of the land by the very threat. All Great Britain was bristling in arms, and instead of men being dragged away from their homes by forced conscriptions, people of all ranks, classes and degrees, of all ages and characters, of all parties and sects, were rushing in to enroll their names among the defenders of their country, and submitting day after day, to toilsome drills, and unaccustomed modes of life, to the loss of time and money and convenience. But not a lip murmured, not a heart was depressed.

Blackheath was the great training-ground in the neighbourhood of London for this military race; and every day in my rides, I met with large bodies of men, in red, and green, and

blue, marching and countermarching, going through the manual, and expending great quantities of powder and perspiration. Magistrates, lawyers, clerks, shopkeepers, and draymen, were all jostling side by side in the charge; and the first battle in England, would have left upon the ground, the most motley assemblage of professions that ever was found in one place.

By pausing often to watch the manœuvres of the volunteers, I accustomed my horse to stand fire very well, and it was with great delight I heard from Captain Westover, that in order to try the skill and precision of the volunteers, a great sham fight was to be given on Blackheath itself, in which were to be enacted all the operations that might be supposed likely to take place, if a French force were to sail up the Thames, and effect a landing near the little town of Greenwich. I told my gallant informant, that although I had been in the middle of a great battle, and had crossed

a considerable portion of the field between the two lines, I had not the most distant idea of what it all meant."

"No, nor have half the men who were in the battle," said Captain Westover. "We do what we are told; we fight; we succeed, or are beaten off; but all that we know about it is, that there's a great deal of smoke, a great deal of dust, and a great number of men tumbling down round about us, with a very awkward expression of countenance; and two or three weeks after, when the newspapers come from England, we hear all about the glorious victory we have obtained from the dispatches of the general in command. This is generally what a subaltern knows of the matter; but somehow or another, more comprehensive views are beaten into our heads after awhile, and I will try, if possible, to give you some notion of what is going on on Wednesday. But there is some talk of making me an *aid-de-camp* for the nonce, which will be a

great bore; for I have a whole troop of lady friends coming down to see, without peril, a battle without bullets."

The day came; and good Father Bonneville, who had a great objection to noise and bustle of any kind, and whose recollections of the battle of Zurich were not the most agreeable, retreated for a couple of days to an inn, at a place called Bromley, while I remained to enjoy the sight.

I must dwell with some detail upon the events of that morning, as they were more important to me than those of any engagement I ever was in.

At an early hour I was out, walking round the scene where the mimic fight was to take place. All was already in state of bustle and preparation. Cannon were planted: troops were taking up their position: long lines of what were called fencibles, armed with pikes, were stationed on the river bank, and a number of

persons were arriving every moment from London to witness the gay scene.

Expecting that the hospitalities of my cottage might be called upon, I had laid in ample provisions, and soon after my return about nine o'clock, Westover was there, mounted on a splendid horse, and dressed in brilliant uniform. He came hurrying in, would not sit down to eat any breakfast, but stood by the table, and dispatched a roll and a cup of coffee while my horse was being saddled.

"We must be quick," he said. "We must be quick; for I expect the whole staff on the ground by ten, and I wish to introduce you to some good people first."

We were soon upon horseback, and cantering over the field. My companion led me to the head of several regiments, and introduced me to their colonels, who were generally old soldiers retired from the service, who had sprung

into arms again at the first news of danger. One I particularly remember, a Colonel C——, as the finest looking man I almost ever beheld. He could not have been much less than seventy, but he was as upright as a pike-staff, his face blooming like a boy's, and his hair loaded with a red sort of powder, called I believe, marechal powder, common in his youth. He swore a good deal; but in every other respect, he demeaned himself with an easy, dignified courtesy which I have never seen surpassed.

He was surrounded by a great number of very pretty women, who seemed to adore him, and rather inconvenienced him by their presence; for after giving one or two gentle hints that they had better betake themselves to spots appointed for spectators, he exclaimed, with a wave of his sword, which somewhat frightened them,

"Damn it, my dear girls, you had better get out of the way, or by — we shall have some of the soldiers' bayonets in your eyes, which would

be to my loss, your loss, and all the world's lose. I'm going to order the charge in five minutes, and though no gallant gentleman will doubt your powers of resistance, we shall carry you at the point of the bayonet, I'll answer for it. Captain Westover, will you and your friend take my niece Kitty, and these darlings, up to the mill there, where the carriages have been stationed. You had better get on your horses, and drive them before you like a flock of geese."

We accomplished the service, however, more easily; and I learned from Westover that the gallant old colonel had been one of Wolfe's officers at the taking of Quebec.

Not long after, the fight began; and by my companion's management, I remained with the staff during the greater part of the day. I need not pause to describe the roaring of cannon, the firing of musketry, the charging of lines of troops, the taking and retaking of different positions; but I must notice one little

event, which occurred about the middle of the day. There had been a sort of lull in the noise and confusion, when suddenly a carriage and four came dashing over the ground toward the mill, just as a battery of horse-artillery was galloping like lightning across in a different direction to take up a new position, while at the same moment a cavalry regiment was dashing up to support a party on the right. The gaily dressed post-boys tried to pull in their horses, but men, horses, and ladies in the carriage, were all equally scared, and before they knew what they were doing, were enveloped on every side by the troops. The commander-in-chief spoke a word to Captain Westover; for it was a great object to all that the day should pass over without serious accident, and one seemed now very likely to take place. Away went Westover. Away went I after him, and just arrived in time to turn the horses off the road before the guns were upon them.

"Oh, good Heaven, what shall we do?" exclaimed a lady in the carriage, with her head covered with ostrich feathers.

"Drive across to that little road, and off the ground as fast as you can go," shouted Westover to the post-boys. "You will get these ladies killed if you do not mind."

"But where can we see?" screamed the lady from the window.

"You cannot see at all, madam," answered Westover, impatiently. "If you wanted to see, you should have come earlier—Drive on and clear the ground, boys."

Away the postillions went. The lady drew back her head from the window with an indignant air, and I saw just opposite to her, in the carriage, the loveliest face I ever beheld. Delicately and beautifully chiselled, every feature seemed to me perfect, in the brief glance I had. But that was not the great charm; for there before me, for that single instant, were those beautiful, liquid hazel eyes, with the long

fringe of dark lashes, which I had never seen any thing like since I had last beheld Mariette.

My first impulse was to gallop after the carriage as fast as possible; but the troops swept round, the carriage dashed away, and all I could do was to ask my companion if he knew who were its denizens.

"Not I," he answered, hurriedly—"Some vulgar people they must be—none but vulgar people get themselves into such situations as that—a devilish pretty girl in the back of the carriage though, De Lacy—Why, what's the matter with you, man?"

"Why, I think I know her," I replied, "and have been looking for her and her mother for a long time."

"Well, then, ride away after her," answered Westover; "the post-boys will insist upon feeding their horses, depend upon it; and you will find them either at the Green-Man,

or at some of the inns down below. Join me again at the mill after it's all over; for I intend you to give me some dinner; and I must see all my aunts, and cousins, and mothers, who are congregated there, if it be but for a moment, before they go back to London. They have thought me rude enough already, I dare say."

I followed his advice, and I believe that I would very willingly, at that moment, have given at least half of all I had in the world to catch that carriage; but I sought in vain. Not a trace of it was to be found, and though there were post-boys enough at all the inns, I could not see one in the same coloured jacket as those I was in search of.

"Could it be Mariette?" I asked myself. The features were very different; much more beautiful than those of my little companion. The face was no longer round, but beautifully oval. The hair seemed somewhat darker, too,

but the eyes were Mariette's; and I asked myself again.

"Could it be Mariette, or had some other person stolen her eyes."

Sad, thoughtful, disappointed, I rode slowly back up Blackheath hill, little caring what I should find going on above. But I had been absent nearly two hours; the sham fight was now over; drums and fifes, trumpets, and all manner of instruments, were playing gay and triumphant airs, friends and enemies were sitsing down on the dry grass, eating the plentiful viands prepared for them, and post-boys were leading up strings of horses to draw back the gay parties who had come to witness the scene, to dinners and festivities afar.

I directed my course at once toward the mill, from which several carriages were already driving away; but as I approached, I saw Westover still there, on horseback, at the side

of an open vehicle to which the horses had just been attached. He was talking to some ladies inside, one of whom I had seen on the night when he and I first met, and who noticed me by a gentle inclination of the head. Another was a much handsomer and somewhat younger woman, but still past her youth. She seemed to be taking little notice of any thing, and there was a deep, grave melancholy upon her face, not harmonizing well with the gay and exciting scene around. I did not go very near; for the drivers had their feet in the stirrups, ready to mount, two servants in livery were already on the box, and there was no time for conversation. Westover's aunt, however, beckoned me up, saying, "How have you been pleased, Count?" and at the same moment, the other lady fixed her eyes full upon me, and I could see her turn deadly pale. She said a few words to her companion, however, in a hurried and eager manner, although

I was replying with some commonplace answer at the moment.

My acquaintance turned her head, saying, loud enough for me to hear, "The young Count de Lacy. Shall I introduce you to him, Catherine?"

There was no reply. The other lady whom she called Catherine, had sunk back in the carriage, and her eyes were closed. She looked to me very much as if she had fainted. I saw her face, but Westover did not; for I was upon his left hand, and his aunt was between him and her companion.

"Shall I tell them to drive on?" he asked.

The other nodded her head, and the word was given; but as they dashed away, I said in a tone of some anxiety, "Do you know, I think that lady has fainted."

"Which, which?" he cried. "Lady Catherine?"

"Not your aunt." I said.

"They are both my aunts," he answered, turning his horse sharply. "You ride on to your hut, De Lacy; I'll join you in a minute, when I see what has befallen dear Aunt Catherine. She is never well, and rarely goes out. This has been too much for her."

Away he darted, and I, less pleased with the events of the day, I suppose, than most others there present, took my way slowly over the least incumbered parts of the heath, towards my cottage on the other side, threading my way amongst groups of soldiers, and large masses of gorse. At the pace I went, and by the course I pursued, it took me nearly half an hour to reach my own gate; but I had already dismounted, before Westover overtook me, although he came at a quick trot, with an orderly following him.

I remarked that he was very grave, but his only comment on what had just passed, was—

"You were right, De Lacy. My aunt had fainted. Poor thing, she has not strength for such scenes. And now, my friend, I have taken a great liberty with you by inviting in your name, two foreign gentlemen, who could get no dinner anywhere else—for Greenwich is as completely eaten out as an overkept cheese—to come and dine with you. In revenge, you shall come and dine with me next week, and eat and drink enough for three if you can."

I told him I was very glad to see his friends, and the rest of the day passed pleasantly enough, although I must say, I never saw Westover so dull and thoughtful, notwithstanding all his efforts to be gay. The two gentlemen, who followed him soon to my house, I need not notice particularly, as I never saw them afterward, and never cared about them at all.

They were the sort of things that do

very well to fill a seat at a dinner table, or to be shot at in a line of battle, behaving creditably in both situations, but doing very little else.

CHAPTER XII.

OLD FEELINGS AND NEW ACQUAINTANCES.

I DID not go to bed till nearly two o'clock in the morning, not that my guests stayed late—far from it. They all took their departure about ten o'clock; but the events of the day, trifling as they may seem, had produced upon my mind an effect difficult to be conceived, or even accounted for. I felt convinced that it was Mariette I beheld, and I reasoned upon her state and condition at the time, without

guide it is true, but with more accuracy than might have been expected.

I by this time knew the situation of emigrants in general in Great Britain. They had been treated with great kindness by the people of the country; subscriptions had been opened for them, aid had been afforded them; but most of them had fled from France in a state of destitution, and were actually in extreme poverty at that moment. Some were eking out the means of subsistence by teaching, others by mere handicraft employments.

I had no reason to believe that Madame de Salins had carried much away with her, and on the contrary, I had much reason to believe, from the wretchedness of the lodging in which she must have dwelt in Swallow Street, that she was at one time, at least, in actual distress. The beautiful girl I had seen in the carriage was exceedingly simply dressed, and I asked myself whether my pretty Mariette, as so many had done, might not have engaged herself as a

governess in some family, and might not, even now, be undergoing all the miseries and scorns of that most painful situation.

But this was not all. In regard to Mariette I had been guided in my conclusions—to some extent at all events—by plain, simple reason. There were other impressions, however, upon my mind—other matters for cogitation, with which reason had far less to do, and which gained their importance, perhaps from the active embellishment of imagination, perhaps from some of those deeper and more mysterious operations of the mind, or of the heart, which leave reason far behind in their rapidity, and surpass imagination by their truth.

The face of that lady, whom they called Lady Catherine, haunted me. The manner in which she had gazed at me—the eager, keen, almost wild glance which she had given me, the paleness which had overspread her face so suddenly, and the fainting fit into which she had fallen immediately my name was men-

tioned, were not matters of marvel to me, but of deep thought and consideration. It was very natural, where such a mystery hung over my birth and early fate, that I should feel inclined to connect it with every thing strange and unexplained which I saw.

But there was something more than all this —something that I cannot explain or describe; which seemed to bear down all thought and argument against it, and which made me feel a conviction, stronger than any reason could have supplied, that there was some tie between that lady's fate and my own. I did not recollect her in the least—not one feature in her face was familiar to me; but yet the very moment I beheld her—before she even turned her eyes upon me, the sight seemed to waken in an instant, dreams of happy early days—sweet thoughts and feelings, which had slumbered for years unawakened by the careless storekeeper, Memory.

It was therefore over these thoughts and

feelings that I paused and reflected, for so many hours.

I have often remarked in the course of life —in others as well as myself—a somewhat curious phœnomenon: namely, that when some great and important—shall I call it change? No, not change. There are no changes in human fate. They are all steps—steps towards a certain goal—That when some great and important step, then, in human fate, is to be taken, we feel an impression of the coming fact—we see, as it were, with the eyes of the spirit, without the interference of the cold, hard, short-sighted intellect, the awful magnitude of that which is before us; and we are impelled to mark what at other times would seem the merest trifles with anxious acuteness—to scan, as it were, the very pebbles in our path, lest a rolling stone should make us lose our footing, and hurl us over the precipice which we feel to be near at hand, though the mists and dark-

ness of our earthly being may hide the actual presence of the yawning gulf.

What was to me a lady fainting in a carriage? What was there extraordinary in a delicate woman giving way after an exciting scene, and long and unusual fatigue? What was there in all that I had seen, which could not be explained by a multitude of ordinary circumstances—which I should not have left, at any other time, to rest unthought of amongst the common, insignificant events of a day? And yet I sat and pondered for four long hours, and even after I retired to bed I could not sleep, but was kept awake with the same anxious thoughts.

Father Bonneville returned about two o'clock on the following day; but with a lack of confidence which I rarely shewed toward him—for he was so gentle and so good, who could want confidence in him—I did not mention at all, the little incident which had occurred at

the mill. I told him, however, all about the supposed sight I had caught of Mariette, but the good Father only smiled at me.

"You are always thinking of Mariette, Louis," he said, "and if you go on so, I shall really fancy you are in love with her memory."

"And so I am," I answered frankly, "I can imagine a father would so love a child, as I love Mariette; and I shall always love her so."

"My dear boy," replied Father Bonneville, laying his hand impressively upon my arm, "that is impossible. You and Mariette are no longer children; you might love her as a brother when you last saw her; but if you love her at all, you must love her otherwise now."

I fell into thought, and I felt that he was right. He gave me but little time to ponder, however, asking me who else I had seen, and I

mentioned several names, Colonel C——, the commander-in-chief, a number of young officers, the two strangers who had dined with me, and lastly, in as easy a tone as I could assume, Westover's two aunts.

Father Bonneville, asked their names, and I replied—

"Lady Winslow, and a lady they called Lady Catherine—I supposed Lady Catherine Westover; for he said, in the course of the evening, that she was his father's sister."

I looked somewhat keenly at Father Bonneville as I spoke; but my words did not seem to produce the slightest effect worth noticing.

"It is droll," he said. "I do not remember the name of Westover in the English peerage. It must be some new creation, I suppose."

"I should think not," I replied, "for there is a calm quietness about them—a want of all arrogance and presumption—an easy, self-pos-

sessed tranquillity, which I have always remarked, in this country, accompanies ancient rights, and well assured position."

"Do you know," said Father Bonneville, suddenly darting away from the subject, "that it has once or twice struck me, Louis, that there is a great deal of likeness between your friend Captain Westover and yourself."

I smiled; for I could not conceive two men more different in appearance—in complexion—in eyes—in height; for I was much taller, and dark, while he was fair; but still the good Father's words lingered in my mind, and I determined the next time I saw my friend to learn, if possible, something more of his history.

It was with great satisfaction then that, on the Friday morning, I received a note from Westover, asking me to dine with him, either on the Tuesday or the Wednesday following, and to name which day.

"Do come, De Lacy, on the one day or the other; for there are some people, who will come on either day, to whom I much wish to introduce you. My leave will soon expire, and I may not have another opportunity."

I immediately answered his note, fixing the first named day, and then, as it was a beautiful morning in the spring, I went out to fish in a river which ran at some miles' distant from my cottage, and where I had hired a right—for the English are as tenacious of the right of stream and wood as any old feudal lord that ever lived.

I had been engaged in the sport for about an hour, wandering along through the beautiful meadows, and had done tolerably well, when I saw a gentleman, of the middle age, walk slowly across from the other side, and pause upon a little wooden bridge, observing my pro-

ceedings. He was a tall, handsome man, about fifty, but thin and pale, dressed in a sort of military blue coat, richly braided, but not very new; and his air was exceedingly gentlemanly and prepossessing, though his riches were evidently of Nature's giving, not the world's. After watching me a few minutes, he came up with easy grace, and asked, with a strong foreign accent, "If I had had good sport."

I replied that it had been pretty well, adding a French proverb of no particular significance.

"Ha!" he said, "have I the pleasure of speaking to a countryman?"

I replied in the affirmative; and he soon began to ask all sorts of questions, in that courteous manner which renders inquisitiveness not impertinent in a Frenchman. I told him I had quitted France very early, and recollected but little of my native land; to which he replied,

that was a "*malheur*," asking the year of my emigration.

I told him, and he replied, with a smile, that it was the same in which he had left France; but added, that he had returned there since, and fought in La Vendée. He then asked me if I knew many of my countrymen. I replied in the negative, saying with a smile —for the opportunity seemed too good to be missed—that there were only two, whom I had known so well in my boyhood as to make me very anxious to hear of them again.

"May I be permitted to ask their names?" he said, quietly. "I am acquainted with several, though, indeed, not very many; for my means are too limited to allow of my mingling much in society."

I at once named Madame de Salins and her daughter.

My new acquaintance paused and mused, as if he were trying to recollect some cir-

cumstance, such as where he had heard of them, and I began to entertain some hopes of information.

"Perhaps," he said, at length, "I may be able to assist in your search in some degree, although I am not sure. May I ask how old you were when you quitted France?"

And his eyes ran over my person, which perhaps showed signs of age beyond what my years warranted.

"Between twelve and thirteen," I replied.

"Ay! and you have remembered them so long," he said in a tone of interest. "Well, I will do my best to give you news of them. But I know not where to send it to you, if I should prove fortunate enough to be able to do so."

I immediately gave him my card, which he examined, repeating the name, and then turned the conversation in another course. I found him exceedingly agreeable, mild and dignified in his manners, and full of general information,

though probably not a very learned man. He asked me if I had been to pay my respects, while on the continent, to his majesty the king —afterwards known as Louis the Eighteenth —and expressed himself sorry when he heard I had not.

"I think it would have been advisable in many respects," he added. "This madness will not last for ever in France. Nor can the other powers of Europe ever consent as a body to the existence of a state of things in that country antagonistic to all their interests and all their principles. Napoleon Bonaparte, in making himself emperor, has performed an act which places France in a false position that she cannot maintain. As long as he was merely the head of the republican party—the incarnation of the spirit of revolution—he was certain of support at home, and under no absolute necessity to protract the war with foreign powers, one moment after they chose to make peace with the republic. As emperor, how-

ever, he has taken upon himself an obligation to wage eternal warfare; for by war alone can he maintain himself as emperor. He may have gained a little with other monarchs by recognizing the monarchical principle, but he has lost more with the French people. France was divided into two. He has now divided it into three, and put two parts against him. The one that he wields, the military part, may be the most powerful for the present, but its adherence to himself depends upon two conditions war and success. Thus his dynasty can never stand; for no civilized nation can ever be entirely military; and he who attempts to make it so, will always fall as soon as the military part cannot command success; and unless the whole nation be military, success can never be ensured. My belief is that in a few years our old race of kings will be upon the throne again."

He talked with me for more than an hour, while I continued my sport; and I then re-

turned to my little cottage, very well satisfied with my interview.

Father Bonneville seemed very well satisfied too, when I told him my hopes of discovering the abode of Madame de Salins. He asked me many questions about the gentleman I had met with, and made me describe him accurately. When I had done he said, nodding his head slowly, with a smile—

"I think we shall find them now, Louis. - I think we shall find them now, and I am almost as glad of it as you are; although I trust they have not been suffering so much from poverty as you imagine."

A day or two passed on, however, without any intelligence, and the Tuesday came on which I was to dine with Westover, in London. I dressed myself with some care; for I knew that my friend was moving in the most fashionable circles of the capital, and I drove in with the groom in the little phæton, so as to be at his door at the very moment named. He was lodging in a very handsome house in Brook

Street, and I found him dressed for dinner, but alone.

"My other friends will not be as punctual as you are, De Lacy," he said, shaking me warmly by the hand; "and I dare say you will have to wait half an hour for your dinner; but in the meantime I can introduce you to them as they come in."

In about ten minutes, two young and dashing men made their appearance, and I was made acquainted with them in form. Then, five minutes after, came an old peer, stout, beetle-browed, heavy in look but not in intellect, and exceedingly loose in his apparel, which seemed to have been thrown on with a pitchfork, but which did not at all detract from the indefineable something which makes the gentleman. He had not been there two minutes when the door again opened, and the Earl of N——, was announced.

"Ah! your grandfather," said the last

comer. "That is an honor for a grandson, Captain Westover."

"I consider it as such, I assure you," said my friend, as he advanced to meet his relation, and I need not say that my eyes fixed eagerly upon the father of Lady Catherine.

He was a tall, thin old man, of very distinguished appearance. I learnt afterward that he must have been a good deal over seventy; but he certainly did not look more than sixty. He was perfectly straight and upright, though not stiff in appearance, and was dressed entirely in black, which was not usual in England at that period. Every article of his apparel fitted exactly. His shoes, in which he still wore buckles, were as polished as a looking-glass, and his gloves fitted him as if they had been made upon his hands. His linen was marvellously fine, and as white as snow; and his hair probably would have been as white as his linen, even had it not been filled with powder.

His face was very fine, and his complexion peculiarly delicate; but there was no effeminacy about him. There sat a world of resolution on his broad, towering brow, and his teeth, of which he did not seem to have lost one, were always pressed firm together when he was not speaking. His step was slow and deliberate, but still there was none of the feebleness of age in it, and there was a strong composure, if I may so express myself, which never varied but for one moment.

Between the two peers there was no need of an introduction; and they shook hands with each other cordially. One of the other gentlemen, Lord N—— knew also; and the third was introduced to him. Westover then turned, and presented me as Monsieur De Lacy. For a single instant, as he spoke, the Earl seemed moved. A slight change came over his face, a twitch of the muscles about the mouth, evidently involuntary, and passing away in one moment. He forgot not his courtesy, however,

in the least, did not shake hands with me, but bowed gracefully, and said a few words about France and England, not at all depreciatory of my own country, although he expressed a hope that I would not find my enforced residence in Great Britain altogether without compensation.

He then turned to speak with his grandson and the other gentlemen. Two others were added to the party, and shortly after we moved in to dinner.

By Westover's arrangement I was seated next to his grandfather; but at first he did not seem inclined to take much notice of me, and, to say the truth, I was very busy with my own thoughts, and inclined to be somewhat silent. After a time, however, a gentleman opposite engaged me in conversation, and something I said seemed to please or strike the old Earl, for he joined in with a good deal of tact and wit.

That conversation dropped, but the Earl con-

tinued to talk with me, with his heart a little opened, perhaps by good wine and good food, which I have remarked have a great effect in producing urbanity—especially with Englishmen. His lordship asked me how I liked the country, whether I had seen much of it, and where I intended to pass the summer. I answered briefly that I had seen very little of the land, and that my plans were all unsettled.

"It is a pity that Charles must so soon rejoin his regiment," said the Earl, "otherwise he might have shown you a good deal that is worth seeing in England, and what is more, you could not be in safer hands. I need not tell you, Monsieur De Lacy, that, for a young man, and a stranger in this country, it is highly necessary that he should choose his acquaintances well."

"I am quite aware of the fact, my lord," I replied, "and I consider myself highly fortunate in having been early introduced to Captain Westover. I have few, if any, acquaintances

but those to whom he has introduced me, and the banker to whom I had letters."

"Ha!" replied the Earl, thoughtfully, and after meditating for a moment, as if something puzzled him, he said, "I think I heard you called the Count De Lacy, in society—have you dropped the title?"

"I never took it willingly, my lord," I replied, "although it is mine, I believe, by right. I was driven out of France very early, and probably never should have known of my countship; but it so happened that I formed some connections in the city of Hamburgh, which led to a considerable bequest from an old friend there, and that caused a communication, in regard to myself, to take place between Hamburgh and England."

"But how did they know that you were a count, in Hamburgh, if you did not know it yourself?" asked the Earl.

"By a letter from England," I answered, perhaps a little dryly. "It referred to some

money matters, of which, to say the truth, I understand nothing; but it was addressed to some of the authorities at Hamburgh, and in it I was designated by the title of count. The same title was repeated in after correspondence, and thus it happened to be given to me here, much to my annoyance; for I would fain drop the countship altogether, not having the means to maintain any distinguished position."

"Ha! I see, I see," said the Earl, "you speak English remarkably well, Mr. De Lacy. You must have learned it very young."

"I do not remember the time when I did not speak it," I replied.

"That is singular in France," rejoined the old nobleman. "Did your father speak English?"

I could feel a cloud come over my face, and I replied with very painful feelings,

"I never knew my father, my lord, and am not aware of who or what he was. I have

heard that he was murdered—but that is all I know."

"I beg pardon—I beg pardon," said the old earl; "I did not intend to wound you. There are painful subjects in all families—may I drink wine with you?"

During the rest of the evening his tone toward me became a little less stiff and more kindly. He asked no more questions, however, but conversed entirely upon indifferent subjects, and seemed well pleased with my remarks. He retired early, indeed, and I remained for some time longer, in the hope of being able to draw something more from Westover, regarding his aunt, Lady Catherine. I had lost the opportunity of the favourable ten minutes during which I was alone with him before dinner, and no other presented itself for any private conversation. I could only venture to express a hope before others, that his aunt, Lady Catherine, had not suffered seriously from the fatigues of the review. He said she had not

been at all well since; and I remarked that I thought her very beautiful.

"She was once the loveliest creature in all England, I am told," was my friend's reply; "but that is past, and she can hardly, I think, be called beautiful now—except, indeed, as a beautiful ruin."

He spoke very gravely—nay, very sadly, and I did not like to press the subject further. I remained some time longer to see if the other guests would go, but they showed no intention of doing any thing of the kind, and as I had a long drive before me, I took my departure, Westover promising to ride down in a day or two, and take me upon some expedition.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LONGED FOR MEETING.

HABITUAL reverence is a curious thing—more strong than most other habits. I was certainly of a somewhat impetuous disposition, eager and impatient of delay, notwithstanding all the drilling I had had in long wanderings and many difficulties and distresses; but yet the habitual reverence which I entertained for good Father Bonneville was not to be mastered. It was one of those impressions received in

youth, which, like the foot-prints of certain animals that we discover in the rock, had been pressed down there when the substance was soft, but had been rendered indelible as it hardened.

I returned from London disappointed in one of my expectations, and I would fain have had a long conversation with good Father Bonneville, in regard to all the doubts and mysteries surrounding my own peculiar fate. The promise he had given of knowledge at a future time did not satisfy me, and I thought that if he would but touch upon the subject again, I would press him hard for further explanation. Nay, more, I judged that the very party at Westover's would open the way, and resolved that I would not fail to take advantage of the very first opportunity.

When the good Father came down to breakfast, however, with his calm, placid countenance, and his usual quiet taciturnity, although there was nothing in the least repulsive, none

of that impenetrability which sometimes characterises the Roman Catholic priest, yet I felt a repugnance to the idea of urging upon him a subject which he had shown so much anxiety to avoid, and he certainly gave me no direct encouragement. He merely asked if I had met a pleasant party at Captain Westover's; and when I in return told him of whom that party consisted, and dwelt somewhat particularly upon the appearance and demeanour of the Earl of N——, he seemed, I thought, a little surprised, and I could not help fancying that a shade, from some strong, and not pleasant emotion, passed over his countenance; yet he asked not a question, and made no observation of any kind. I then suffered the subject to drop, notwithstanding all my resolutions.

Some days passed quietly and dully enough. English people are not fond of making new acquaintances. None of our neighbours had yet called upon us, and the gentleman whom I had met by the side of the brook, did not make

his appearance. Quiet tranquillity is the most burdensome of all things to an impatient spirit; and I confess I fretted myself a good deal during those dull three or four days. It seemed to me as if all the world had forgotten us; and I felt much more solitary there, with every comfort around me, than I had done in my long wandering from Switzerland to Hamburgh, when I might very well have believed myself almost alone upon the earth.

It rained, too, incessantly; and I began to feel very English, and to abuse the climate heartily—though, by the way, it is the best I ever saw, except, perhaps, in the central parts of France. I could not ride out. I got tired of reading. I had nobody to write to. I was weary of myself and the whole world—even Father Bonneville's calm, sweet placidity, his tranquil employments, and patience under the load of dullness, half vexed me.

It was on the Saturday morning early, however, that a change took place; the sky be-

came clearer: light clouds, like enormous flakes of snow, succeeded the dull, grey, pouring banks of rain; blue sky appeared here and there; and, to complete all, as I looked out of the window, after breakfast, I saw Westover riding up towards the house, with a servant behind him, and a little valise behind the servant.

There was no horse or carriage-way up to the house, which was approached by a path through a pretty little garden; and as he dismounted at the gate, I heard my friend desire his groom to bring in the valise, to take the horses to the inn, and to give Miss Kitty a feed and a half. He then walked slowly up to the house, nodding to me as he came: and I could not help remarking that he seemed pale and ill.

He was in his usual good spirits, however, and shook hands with me and Father Bonneville heartily, saying,

"Did you hear my order, De Lacy, to bring

in my valise? An unlucky thing for you, my friend, that I was at the taking of your house, and know that you have a spare room; for I come to beg quarters of you till Monday."

I welcomed him gladly, and seating himself somewhat languidly, he said—

"I have been unwell for the last few days, and they tell me I should leave that bustling, tiresome town of London; so I have come to see if you will give me quiet lodging here, just as a trial—not that I think it will do me any good."

"Why—what is the matter, Westover?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing but that tiresome ball," he replied, laying his hand upon his chest. "It has taken another move I suppose, and set me spitting blood again."

"What, has it not been extracted?" I asked.

He shook his head mournfully, answering—

"No, no, it is there for life, they say, be life

long or short; and it is the strangest thing in the world, how a trifle like this—having an ounce of lead in one, without knowing where to find it—will weigh upon a man's spirits, how it is ever present to his thoughts—a something he cannot get rid of—the sword hung by a single hair over his head, during the whole of the great festival of life."

"Well, we will keep you here quietly," I answered; "which we can do with the most marvellous perfection."

"If you had been here during these last three days," said Father Bonneville, with a quiet smile at me; "you would have had quiet enough, Captain Westover—more quiet than our friend Louis likes, I believe; for, as you may remark, he has literally worn the carpet by walking from that table to the window. I always think we may gain good lessons from the brute creation. God teaches them what is best under all circumstances; and I copy the cocks and hens, and the great dog, all of which,

I remark, invariably sit quite still, and take every thing quietly during rainy weather, knowing, that walk as fast as they would, or as much, they cannot change the wind, or make the clouds withhold a drop."

Westover smiled, but replied—

"It is not exactly quiet that I am seeking, my reverend friend, but to be out of the air, and the parties, and the smoke of cities, and the impertinent chattering, which is the smoke of society. No, no—no quiet for me. If I am soon to ride with my troop, I may as well ride here, and so I intend to make De Lacy mount his horse, and gallop away with me to Eltham or Esher, or some of those places memorable in the past, where we can sit down, and play the part of Volney for an hour, amongst the ruins of empires. Then to-morrow, I intend to go with you to Mass; for all Protestant as I am, I cannot help admitting that you sing a great deal better in your worst chapels than we do in our best."

Father Bonneville looked at me with a faint smile, and I informed Westover that we had both of us, in the course of the last two years, abandoned the church of Rome.

"It was not from any motives of interest, Captain Westover," said Father Bonneville, "neither from fear nor for favour, but from pure conviction. The fact is, that in a time of great distress and anxiety, I found so much consolation in the Bible, that I could not remain attached to a church which denied it to my fellow men, and moreover—without being uncharitable—I thought I could see the reason of its being withheld from men in general, in its manifest condemnation of the practices of those who withhold it. Louis came to the same conclusion while we were far apart; and parting as Roman Catholics we met as Protestants."

Westover seemed much more surprised, and even moved by this intelligence than I could

have expected. He shook me warmly by the hand, congratulated me, and saying—

"I am glad of it, De Lacy, I am glad of it. That makes a very great difference—I am sincerely glad of it. We will talk no more of going to Mass; though I do like to hear a good Mass well sung—so much so, indeed, that my noble grandfather is every now and then in terror of his life, for fear I should turn Papist; in which case, as he is the most ultra Protestant that ever lived, he would, doubtless, cut me off with a shilling, and be very sorry that he could not deprive me of the fortune my Uncle Westover left me, lest I should spend it in favour of the Propaganda—but come, De Lacy, let us take a walk to the inn, mount our horses, and ride."

We were soon upon our way, and as we passed slowly along through the little village of Lewisham, Westover, who was looking round, exclaimed,

"Good heaven, what a beautiful face!"

I turned my head sharply, but could see no one. The road was vacant, except where a labouring man was wheeling a barrow, and a carrier was taking a trunk out of a cart. At the side of the road, indeed, was one of those little picturesque cottages, only to be seen in England, where fine taste and love for the beautiful, has decorated with a thousand charms the very lowliest of dwellings. It was only one story in height. The windows were mere lattices, with diamond-shaped panes of glass, rattling in leaden frames. The roof was thatched, and the door seemed hardly tall enough for the entrance of a man, but the thatch was covered with the rich green house-leek, and the whole front of the house was in a glow with roses, trained beautifully between the little windows, and every here and there holding out a long blossom-bearing arm, as if to invite the passing stranger.

"She's gone," said Westover, "run away at the sight of two men on horseback, as if it

were the first time in life she had seen that sort of Centaur. But I certainly never did see a more lovely creature."

I made him describe her to me; but what description can ever give an idea of a face? His was incomplete enough, but he said she had the most lovely eyes in the world, and that was quite sufficient to set my foolish fancy filling up the outline with the features of Mariette. I caught myself in the midst of this portrait-painting, a new sort of castle-building, and could not help smiling at my vain imaginations.

"What are you laughing at, De Lacy?" asked my companion.

"At myself, Westover," I replied. "The truth is, your description is so like some one I have been long seeking, and would give both my hands to find, that, for a moment, you set my fancy wild with the idea, that she and your cottage-girl might have been the same."

"O, ho," said Westover, with a laugh; "but if your love affair has been of long duration, this cannot be the same, for she seemed quite young—not more than seventeen or eighteen."

"That might well be," I answered; "and yet my love affair, as you call it, might date from twelve years ago. The person I seek is the companion of my youth, one who is now an emigrant like myself, and I much fear that she and her mother both, may be in some distress, while I have the power of relieving it, and know not where to find them."

"Yours must be a strange, curious history," said Captain Westover. "I wish, some dull evening, when you have nothing better to do, you would tell me, point by point. I am fond of a dreamy talk with a man over his past times."

"I should have thought there were attractions enough in the metropolis," I answered,

"to occupy all the time of you men of fashion, in other ways than that."

"Attractions," replied Captain Westover, "which either leave no remembrance, or a sting. Take my word for it, De Lacy, there are multitudes of us who would gladly leave wax candles to blaze, and champagne to sparkle, and bright eyes—with no heart behind them—to shine, in order to sit beneath a shaded lamp with a man of real action, who has seen something of different countries, and a different world, and a different life from ourselves, and listen to tales of the heart's realities, while all else around us is but the tinselled pageantry of a dream. Come, when shall it be, De Lacy?"

"To-night, if you will," I answered; "we are certain of being uninterrupted."

"But the old man," he said. "Young men can never talk with open hearts before old ones. There is a power in age which controls us even when there is no real authority."

"O, he goes to bed always at nine," I said.

And so we arranged it should be, and so it was.

When we returned after our ride, Father Bonneville informed me that there were some persons in the neighbourhood, upon whom he wished me to call with him on the Monday following; and Westover and I went up to dress for dinner—a much more important operation than it has since become, even within my own knowledge. We had the usual English dinner, a small turbot, some boiled chickens and ham, preceded by soup after the French fashion, (which I knew Father Bonneville could not do without,) and followed by the inevitable apple-tart.

After his coffee, the good Father remained for an hour or so, then lighted his candle, and having apologised, with the grace of an old courtier, for his early habits, retired to rest. My story was then told much as I am now

telling it, only with more brevity, and I must say, that Westover not only listened with the fortitude of a martyr, but showed a deep interest, if I may judge by his questions, in many parts of my narrative.

Once or twice he rose, and walked up and down the little room, sitting down when I paused, and saying—

"Go on, De Lacy, I am listening."

I could not finish the whole in one night; but on the Sunday evening the tale was concluded, and on the Monday, in spite of remonstrance, he set out, saying he was going back to London.

Why, I know not, but I watched him from the window, across the heath, meditating on the state of his health, and the risk he ran in joining his regiment again, with an unextracted ball in his chest.

Suddenly, to my surprise, I saw him pull in his horse, at the distance of some five hundred

yards from the house, beckon up his servant, and speak to him for a moment. The master then took the left-hand road, which led towards Lewisham, and the groom rode upon the way to London.

It is utterly impossible to describe the sensations which I experienced at that moment. There was a mixture of anger, and suspicion, and jealousy, which I can hardly characterize even to my mind at present. Fancy was as busy as a fiend; and I felt quite sure that he was going back toward the cottage, in order, if possible, to form some acquaintance with the beautiful girl he had seen. I persuaded myself in a moment—although I had unpersuaded myself before—that she must be Mariette; and I pictured to myself, Westover, with his handsome person and winning address, making instant love to her, and banishing poor Louis de Lacy for ever from her heart.

It took me an hour's struggle to overcome such feelings, and when I had done my best I was still dissatisfied.

Toward twelve o'clock, Father Bonneville proposed that we should go out for our visit, and for the first time, I asked where that visit was to be.

"Why, Louis," he replied, "you seemed so indifferent when I spoke of it on Saturday, that I did not tell you the acquaintance you made while fishing, came to call upon us during your ride with Captain Westover. He is a gentleman of good family, and we must of course return his visit, even were it not that I believe he can now inform us where to find Madame de Salins."

"Is Mariette not with her?" I asked, eagerly.

"I believe so," replied Father Bonneville, with a smile; "but let us go, I said we should be there before one."

I did not delay him, but I must confess, I thought he walked marvellously slow, and wished from the bottom of my heart, that I had ordered the pony-carriage for our excursion. He took his way straight toward Lewisham, turned to the left in the village, keeping on the left-hand side, directly to the cottage with its roses.

I do not know what had got into my heart; but it brought to my remembrance a trick which I had seen a charlatan play with an egg, which, by some contrivance, he made to jump out of a pot the moment it was put in. He stopped at the door—at the very door, and then suddenly said—

"Why, what is the matter with you, Louis? you are as pale as death."

"O, nothing, nothing," I replied, and knocked hard for admittance.

I was red enough then. A small servant-girl opened the door, and Father Bonneville asked—

"Whether Monsieur Le Comte was at home?"

My hopes about Mariette began to fail, and diminished to a very small point when, on entering a little room, containing a good number of books, I found my acquaintance of the brook-side alone, and without a vestige of woman's occupation any where visible.

He shook hands with us both, welcomed us heartily, and in common civility I was obliged to repress my curiosity for a time.

"This is my little study," he said, after some preliminary conversation, "where I teach a few young pupils French, in order to eke out the small means of subsistence I have left. But I thank God for all things, and only regret that I have not enough to aid those of my countrymen who have even less than myself."

"That is what I fear," I answered, "that there are many, and amongst them some I

deeply love, who may be suffering great distress, while I have a superabundance."

"There are, indeed, many, Monsieur De Lacy," he said.

But as the words were upon his lips the door opened, and a voice of music said—

"May I come in?"

"Certainly, my child," he replied.

But she had taken it for granted, and was in the room. There were the same eyes, the same look, the same beautiful face which I had seen in the carriage, but with a figure, how full of exquisite grace, how perfect in all its symmetry!

If my heart had not told me, at once, that it was Mariette, the glad spring forward with which she flew to the arms of Father Bonneville would have shown me the fact at once.

What possessed me I cannot tell, but I could not speak a word, and stood like a fool, the

more confounded from feeling that the eyes of a stranger were upon me—yes, he gazed at me, earnestly, inquiringly. I must, somehow, have betrayed myself.

"Do you not know me, Louis?" asked Mariette, holding out her hands to me.

"Know you!" I cried.

And if the whole world had been present, I could not have refrained from taking her in my arms and kissing her cheek.

"Know you!" I repeated, "O, yes, I knew you the very first moment I saw you in the carriage on Blackheath."

"And I did not know you," said Mariette, artlessly; "but how should I, Louis? Here, you are a great tall man, six feet high; and yet you're still the same—the same eyes, and the same mouth, only your hair is darker and not so curly."

"I rode after you all through Greenwich," I replied, *apropos* to nothing; for my whole

head was in a whirl, and she had left her hand in mine, which did not tend to stay the beating of my heart; "but I could find no trace of you."

"Sit down, sit down, my children," said the master of the house, "you are both agitated with your young memories. I will go and call your mother."

"Let me—let me," said Mariette, and running to the foot of the little stairs, she exclaimed, "Mamma, mamma, here are Louis and Monsieur de Bonneville."

Madame de Salins ran down lightly and eagerly, and indeed she was very little altered —looking, perhaps, better than when I had last seen her. It was clear she was sincerely glad to meet us again; and seated round the table, a thousand questions were asked, and about half the number answered. All old feelings and memories revived. We talked of our little cottage on the Rhine, of our meeting in

Paris, and our adventures by the way. The stranger joined in frankly and familiarly, evidently knowing all that had befallen us.

We formed again, as it were, one family, and at length, emboldened by this renewal of old associations, I turned smiling from the gentleman of the house to Madame de Salins, saying, perhaps abruptly—

"Who is this? May I not be formally introduced to him?"

"Do you not know him, Louis?" she exclaimed, with a look of surprise. "It is my husband—The Count de Salins. How else should I be here?"

"You forget, mamma, you forget," said Mariette. "Louis always thought that he was dead."

And casting herself upon her father's neck, she shed a few tears over the memory of the terrible days when first we met.

I looked surprised and bewildered, as well I

might; and looking round at Madame de Salins, I murmured—

"You told me he was dead."

"I thought so when I told you so, Louis," she replied, "I saw him fall before my eyes, wounded in several places, and to all appearance dead. But a glimmering of hope, springing from what source, I know not, led me to trust my child to you and hurry back to the court of the *château* where he had fallen. The assassins were gone; my husband's blood was still reeking from the ground; but his body was not there, and after a long period of terrible suspense—it was but two hours, but it seemed an eternity to me—I found that one of our good farmers had carried him away, and was nursing in his own house a feeble spark of life which he had found yet remaining. I flew to him; I tended him many weeks in secret; I saw him recover consciousness and hope. None who beheld him then, however,

would have recognized the gay and handsome De Salins; and it was agreed that he should be carried some ten or twelve leagues by night, and thence removed to Paris in a litter as a dropsical patient going to seek the aid of our good friend Dr. L——. All the peasantry were in our favor. It was but the people of the cities who were infected with the epidemic madness of the times. Every one aided—every one was as secret as death. The very dogs of the farm-houses seemed to comprehend and enter into our purposes. They barked not when the litter entered the yard, but moved round us watchfully, as if to defend rather than betray us. It was necessary that I should part with him, however; for my presence would have discovered all; and I hurried back to seek my child, and meet him in Paris. Monsieur L—— was already prepared for his coming; but he did more than could have been expected or even hoped. He took him

into his own house, and kept him there in profound secresy for some months. During that time I lay concealed under the appearance of abject poverty. Mariette visited him every day, upon the pretence of carrying little articles of food to the good Doctor's house; and neither by word or look, did she betray the secret—even to you, Louis. Do you forgive us?"

I put my hand in my bosom, and drew out the ring which Madame de Salins had given me, and which still remained suspended round my neck by the little gold chain. I pressed it to my lips for my only reply; and gently bending her head with a sweet smile, she proceeded, saying—

"I could see him but seldom—I dared rarely venture; but at length Dr. L—— formed the scheme for us of making our escape from Paris, crossing the Rhine, and waiting there for my husband's coming. He was to follow as

speedily as possible, in the character of an officer of the Republican army, who had been wounded at the battle of Jenappes.

"A thousand obstacles intervened, however, and I remained in terrible anxiety, till at length a letter informed me that he whom I had well nigh given up for lost, had crossed the Rhine in safety, and was then at Dusseldorf waiting my coming. It was still necessary to maintain the most profound secresy; for emigrants were surrounded by spies and traitors, and one indiscreet word might have brought the head of good Dr. L—— to the block.

"I joined my husband in safety with Mariette, however, and our good farmers had gathered together a sum of money sufficient to enable us to cross the sea to this island, and to live for some time obscurely here. That sum would have been exhausted long ago, had we not by a fortunate chance been driven from our

small lodging in Swallow street by a brutal man, whom I believe to be a spy, but who had once received great favours from our family when a poor apothecary in Paris. His sensual, horrible patron, the Marquis de Carcassonne, had no mercy upon us; but having purchased the house, turned us out in the street four years ago. We heard of this little cottage and took it; and a blessing it was; for Monsieur de Salins has obtained a little class of pupils, by which our small means have been somewhat saved."

"We sought you in that house in Swallow street," said Father Bonneville, "Louis was impressed with the idea that you must be in want, and he has been hunting for you far and wide ever since we came to England."

"Real want, we have never known," said Monsieur de Salins, "though we have been poor enough—ay, so poor, as to induce me to let my child go on a long visit to some rich and

vulgar people, in order to economize our little pittance. They thought that Mariette de Salins was reduced so low as to accept the hand of their coarse son, and think it an honor and a favor; but they have learned better now."

"And did you visit that house in Swallow street?" asked Madame de Salins, looking at me with an anxious and inquiring glance. "Who did you see there?"

I told her all the particulars, Father Bonneville adding a word here and there, and the account seemed to strike both Monsieur de Salins and his wife with much surprise.

"He does not know," said Madame de Salins, in a low and thoughtful tone, turning her eyes upon her husband, "he does not know."

"And so you found Monsieur de Carcassonne in poverty and distress?" said Monsieur de Salins, "the one viper, I suppose, has stung

the other. God of heaven, my dear wife, how thankful we should be to Him on high, that we sit here, and eat the daily bread of His mercy, with consciences clear of offence, and hearts unloaded by a weight of guilt. Let them take all from us, but our innocence and our honor, and we shall be rich compared with these men, even were they wealthy and powerful as in days of old."

"And is it possible, Monsieur de Salins," I asked, following the line of thought in which my mind had been principally running, though there were many other subjects eagerly appealing for attention—"Is it possible that you, and dear Mariette, and Madame de Salins, have been living here in comparative poverty, while I have been enjoying wealth and all that wealth can give? This must be no longer—"

I saw a slight shade come over his countenance, and I added—

"Madame de Salins has been a mother to

me ; Mariette has been a sister. I have sought them eagerly, daily since I have been in England, in order to perform toward them the duties of a son and a brother. Surely, Monsieur de Salins," I continued, taking his hand in mine, "you will not suffer my having the good fortune to find you with them, to deprive me of my right of adoption ?"

"Dear, noble, generous Louis," said Mariette, throwing her beautiful arm round my neck, as if I had been indeed her brother.

"Why, I taught her to read and write," I said, drawing her gently toward her father. "She was my first and dearest pupil—I have all her little books now, in which she spelt her early lessons."

"And the pictures, and the pictures you drew, Louis," cried Mariette.

"All, all safe through all my wanderings," I replied. "Come, Monsieur de Salins, I have

a beautiful little place hard by—ample means for all of us. Everything shall be soon prepared for you, and Madame de Salins, and dear Mariette. We will share house and fortune and all, and be one family again, as we were in our sweet cottage by the Rhine."

I knew not what it was I urged—all the objections that a father's eye might see—all the difficulties in regard to the world, and the world's opinion; and I was not aware, till I found that even Father Bonneville remained silent, and did not second me, that I was asking too much.

Monsieur de Salins, for his part, smiled at my enthusiasm, while Madame de Salins wept at it; but he answered kindly and affectionately, putting quietly aside all points difficult to deal with, and saying jestingly, "Why, you would not have us quit this little, rosy dwelling where we have been so happy; but be assured, my dear young friend, that no guest

will be more loved and honored within its walls than the Count De Lacy."

I felt from his tone, that it would be in vain to press my request further that day; but I knew the effect of perseverance, and I had hope for the future. At all events Mariette and I had met again. I was resolved that nothing should make me lose sight of her thenceforth, and like all young hearts, I gave myself up to the present joy with trustful confidence in the happiness of to-morrow.

Several hours glided sweetly by, and it was late in the day when Father Bonneville and I retrod our steps to our own dwelling, each full of thought.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DREAMS FULFILLED.

I SLEPT not one wink that night. I can compare the state of my mind to nothing but a still, deep piece of water, suddenly stirred by a strong wind. Thought was a confused mass of waves, flowing one into the other, and hurrying away into some new form, ere they could be measured or defined.

Toward morning, however, one of the me-

mories the most prominent became that of the surprise which had been shown by the Count and Countess de Salins, at my having seen and conversed with the Marquis de Carcassonne. I dwelt upon it. I pondered. I scrutinized it. "The murderer of my father?" I thought; "how did he murder him? Was it in a duel: by an act which good Father Bonneville, with his strong principles, might look upon as murder? No—there must have been something more. What the Count had said in regard to the other's guilt showed that it was by no common occurrence my father fell. There must have been something more; and what that was I determined to ascertain. Not that I thought of taking vengeance on the pitiful, dying worm I had seen—he was not worthy of it. The extinction of his few short hours of life would offer but poor satisfaction. "Better leave him in the hand of God," I thought, who knows all, and sees all, and is just as well as merciful."

Nevertheless, I was determined to know how my father fell, and that without any long delay. I knew that where there is a strong will, means are rarely wanting to accomplish even the most improbable ends: but after long meditation, I saw but one way of arriving at my object: "I will go to the old man," I thought, "and drive him to tell me all. I will strengthen my mind, and harden my heart, and compel him to divulge the dark secret within his breast."

Such was my first resolution, and it was that to which I recurred; but in the mean time another plan suggested itself, which I tried, but which failed. I thought that, very probably, the Count de Salins himself would give me information; and as the mind—especially of youth—is always fond of accomplishing more than one object at a time, I resolved to go down the very next day, and pass an hour or two with Mariette, at the same time I sought

the information I required. There was one thing, however, which embarrassed me a good deal—not that it presented itself to my mind in any definite shape; but it had crossed my thoughts like a vague, unpleasant shadow, more than once during the night. I do not know that I can very well explain myself distinctly—that I can make any one else, even those for whom these pages are written, and who understand me best, comprehend fully the state of my mind at that moment. I should perhaps have said, in common parlance, the state of my heart; but mind had something to do with it likewise. Let me try, however.

The Mariette of the past, the Mariette of the present, seemed to me, as it were, two beings in one. The long interval which had occurred between our parting and meeting again, rendered them, as it were, distinct—a child and a woman. But yet that interval had been bridged over by constant remembrance.

I had never forgotten her. I had never ceased to think of her. She had taken such a hold of my young affections that nothing had ever been able to remove them from her, and their filmy lines of thought had been carried backward and forward between the past and the present, like the threads of a spider's web. When we had been boy and girl, I had often looked forward to the period when we should be man and woman, and I had again and again fancied that Mariette would be my wife—my own for ever. Now we were man and woman the process was reversed, and fancy ran back to childhood. I saw in her the sister of my early days, my dearly loved play-fellow and plaything. I began to think, indeed, that I loved her better now—not that the least particle of the former love was lost: it was the foundation of all; but another love was being built upon it. I did not know, indeed, how far that edifice was completed. I would not examine:

I would not enquire: I would not scan my own heart and its feeling, although I was conscious that all the thought and anxiety I had lately bestowed upon her could hardly arise without deeper feelings than those of boyhood, or exist without increasing them. I must not say that I resolved, or that I intended anything; for where Mariette was concerned, I did not pause to resolve or to intend. All I desired or looked for was to make her happy by any means, to remove her for ever from poverty, and to share with her all I had to share. But there was one difficulty, and it was this: I knew not how to explain to her the source of my present affluence—to tell her, or her father, or her mother, that even for a short few days I had been wedded to another. In my present feelings towards her, it seemed as if I had been unfaithful to her—as if I had robbed her of a part of the affection which was her due in giving any share of my love to poor Louise.

If I felt so, what—I asked myself, might she not feel? How might she bear the thought of being the second in my love? I knew well myself that she was not the second; that she was the first, the best beloved; but could I persuade her of that. And even if I did, would she not think my conduct the more base and wrong in having wedded another? If, by any chance, such early visions as I had indulged, had produced in her the same sort of indefinite impression—that we were bound to each other from very childhood—from which I could not divest my own mind, what would she think of my having forgot the bond, for even so short a period?

I did not know woman's heart. I was not aware of how much less selfish, how much less exacting is woman's love.

But let me go on with my story. These thoughts embarrassed me as I walked along towards her father's cottage. That my pre-

vious marriage must be told sooner or later, I well knew; but how to do it puzzled me, and the probable effect alarmed me.

As I was thus meditating, just at the turn of the lane from Lee, I came suddenly full upon Westover. He was on foot, and gazing very thoughtfully down upon the ground. I will not pause to dwell upon my feelings; for though they were bitter and bad, ungenerous and unkind, they were very transitory. So deep was his reverie that he did not see me till we were close together; but then he held out his hand frankly, and I am afraid I gave mine very coldly, hardly pausing in my walk.

"Why, de Lacy," he exclaimed: "you seem in great haste!"

"I have found out the friends I have been so long seeking, Captain Westover," I answered; "and am now going to see them."

"Captain Westover!" he replied. "Well so you have found them out; and therefore I have had my trouble for nothing."

His tone, more than his words, made me feel a little ashamed.

"What trouble do you allude to?" I asked.

"Two journeys to Lewisham," he answered, laughing. "A long conversation with an old woman in a chandler's shop, and the cross examination of a tax gatherer."

"Indeed!" I said. "And why did you take all this trouble?"

"Merely to ascertain," replied Westover, "if the lady of the rose cottage, with the beautiful eyes, was in reality your long lost love, Mariette de Salins. My chandleress could only inform me on Saturday that it was a French gentleman who inhabited the cottage, with his wife and daughter: that they called him the Count; but Count or no Count, he taught French for two shillings a lesson. The tax gatherer, she said could tell me more about them: but the tax gatherer happened to

be absent, dunning some poor devils, I dare say, and so I came down again to-day, and discovered that it is, indeed, a Count de Salins who lives there with his wife and daughter; though how that can be I cannot make out; for you told me the Count was dead. However, I was just now coming up to tell you what I have found out, and to force a piece of advice upon you."

I was now heartily ashamed of the feelings with which I had met him; but I explained that I had been deceived with regard to the death of Monsieur de Salins, and then asked in our old friendly tone what was the advice he intended to give me.

He put his arm through mine, and walked on with me.

"The fact is, de Lacy," he said, in a meditative way, "you are furiously in love, my dear fellow—far enough gone to be as jealous as a spaniel dog. Now do not suppose that I

am angry with this—for it is very natural—nor even that I should be so, if I found out that, in your innermost thoughts, you fancied just now that I came down here upon some blackguard errand—for there are so many of us in London who care not, so long as they hold their honor fair toward men, how dishonorably they act toward women, that such a supposition might be very natural too. I see the suspicions have vanished, however, and so now to business. Let me, however, premise one thing. It is perfectly unnatural, and out of the ordinary course of events, that one young man should take a strong and affectionate interest in another, and endeavour to serve him upon perfectly unselfish principles. This postulate is granted. As in what I am going to say, I wish to serve you, I must either be an unnatural monster of generosity, or I must have some selfish motive. That is a fair inference, I think. Well then, I admit the selfish

motives. I do wish to serve you upon principles purely personal. My motives I cannot tell you at present; but I will tell you before I return to my regiment—perhaps at the very last minute. All this I have said, to convince you of my sincerity, in order that you may take my advice as that of a sincere friend. Now, this love of yours will hurry you on very rapidly, and, without a little prudence we shall have nothing but marryings and givings in marriage. My advice is, be discreet and patient. Make love as much as ever you like; but do not marry in a great hurry. If you do you may injure yourself irreparably. Things are, I trust, looking fair for you. You are young, and your fair lady must be a good deal younger. You can both afford to wait a little, and it will be much better for you to do so."

"Very good advice, Westover," I replied; "but could you follow it yourself in my case?"

"I have waited two years myself," he answered, "and shall probably have to wait two years more, exactly upon the same principles—but without half the strong motives which should induce you to wait, if you knew all."

I paused for an instant, looking down thoughtfully, and somewhat bitterly.

"I do not know all, Westover," I replied; "but I am determined that I soon will. You, indeed, seem to know more of me than I do myself: at least, if I may judge from your words at present, and I do not see why a stranger should have such information when it is denied to me."

"No stranger," replied Westover, shaking my hand as we were now near the cottage door. "But however that may be, de Lacy, take my advice: be patient—be prudent: engage yourself by any ties you like; but do not hurry your marriage, at least till I am able to speak

further, and to tell you more—and now good bye. Come and see me in London: to-morrow, if you can; but come and see me often; for I do not feel very sure whether it is the living or the dead part of my regiment I am going to join in a few weeks."

I paused for a few moments before I went up to the house; but on knocking at the door, I was told by the little servant girl that the Count had got his class with him. I then asked for Madame de Salins. She was out, the girl said; but *Miss* de Salins was at home. Oh, how horrible that frightful epithet of *Miss* struck me, when applied to my Mariette. I asked to see her, however, and was shown into a little room just opposite that in which I had been the day before. Mariette was sitting reading, and bright and beautiful she looked in her homely attire. She was evidently very glad to see me; and I was glad to see she was a little agitated too; for she had been so much

calmer than I was at our first meeting, that I had teased myself with the thought ever since, of her loving me less than I loved her. She told me that her father would not be free for two or three hours, but that her mother would soon be back, and would be very glad to see me. I said, I would wait to see Madame de Salins, though, I feared I could not remain till her father was at liberty. Oh, how artful I had become! By this manœuvre I gained nearly an hour of sweet conversation with Mariette, a short interview with Madame de Salins, and a good excuse for coming again on the following day.

I do not remember distinctly one word of the conversation between Mariette and myself; but I do know, that to me it was very delightful: that we dwelt much upon former times, every thought of which was full of young affection: that Mariette had forgot nothing any more than myself, and that the memories of those

days seemed as dear to her as they were to me. We carried our minds so completely back to the past: we plunged into childhood again so deeply, that I almost expected she would come and sit down upon my knee, and put her arms round my neck, and coax me to give her some trifle, or to gather her some flower beyond her reach.

Then again, we talked of our wanderings, and all the vicissitudes we had seen; and once or twice we came very near the subject of my journey to Hamburgh. When we did so, I fancied that I could see a peculiarly grave, and almost sorrowful expression come into her beautiful eyes, and I remarked that she seemed quite as willing to turn the conversation in another direction as myself. However, nothing painful of any kind occurred in that short interview—short, oh how short it seemed, and how very speedy the return of Madame de Salins?

When she did come, she was very, very happy to see me. Time had made no difference in her feelings towards me. I was still to her the boy she had known and loved in France and Germany; and I felt, between Mariette and her mother, at least, there would be no need of ceremony: that with or without excuse, I should always be to them a welcome guest—nay, not a guest, a friend, a son, a brother. With Monsieur de Salins, however, it might be different, and therefore, to make sure of another day, I forced myself to depart before he appeared.

On the following day I was there half an hour earlier than that at which I knew he would be free from his class, and that half hour was spent with Madame de Salins as happily as it could be.

My interview with Monsieur de Salins was not quite so satisfactory. He was as kind, indeed, as I could expect, and spoke of, what he

called my services to his wife and daughter with more gratitude than any little thing I had done for them could deserve. But in regard to that which was nominally the principal object of my visit, he maintained a reserve which I could not vanquish. He made use of no evasions, used no subterfuges; but met my enquiries at once with a refusal to comply. I referred to what he had said regarding the Marquis de Carcassonne, and pointed out to him that his words were calculated to excite surprise and curiosity, even if I had not previously received intimations which had equally astonished me.

"I was incautious," replied Monsieur de Salins; "but it will be better for you, my young friend, to wait for further explanations, till the time when they can be given to you by persons much better qualified to enter into all the details than I am. In fact I deeply regret that I came near so painful a subject at

all, and beg you to pardon my having done so, when taken by surprise."

I could gain no further information from him; but I lingered yet for an hour or two in conversation with himself, Mariette, and her mother; walked with them in the little garden behind the cottage; talked of shrubs and flowers, and everything the furthest removed from the subjects which really occupied my mind, and at length returned home, resolving to visit London, and see the Marquis de Carcassonne the next day.

I made the attempt accordingly; but was disappointed. I saw the old French apothecary in his shop, and learned from him that his lodger was out. The man seemed to have no recollection of me, and was somewhat more civil than at our previous meeting. His answer to my question was prompt and unhesitating, and I judged that he was not deceiving me. I was therefore obliged, unwillingly, to wait for

another opportunity, and turned my steps towards the lodging of Westover, in Brook Street. It was one of those days, however, when every one is out; and merely leaving my card, I returned to Blackheath, having accomplished nothing.

My next task was to get the Count de Salins to bring Mariette and her mother to spend a day at our cottage; and I quietly prompted Father Bonneville to ask the whole party, in his own name, for the Monday following, when the Count's class did not meet.

Etiquette, and ceremonies, and conventionalities were very much laid aside at this time amongst the poor French emigrants. We had now such need of all the comforts and sympathies of social life, such scanty means of keeping up the stately reserves which had previously existed in France—covering, it must be confessed, a multitude of glaring vices—that we were glad to seize upon any occasion of

enjoying a little friendly intercourse in a land where we were generally poor, and strangers, and by the great mass of the vulgar utterly despised.

The invitation was accepted frankly, and I set to work to devise how the day might be made to pass pleasantly for all parties. I had a very beautiful garden, now rich in flowers, and a gate at the back opened into some pleasant fields. There was nothing very striking in the scenery around; but there was a soft, rural beauty rarely to be met with so near a great capital. I planned walks in directions which we were not destined to take. I decorated our two sitting-rooms with nosegays of the flowers which Mariette had loved in childhood. I laid her little book of reading lessons on the table, and a withered violet beside it, which she had given to me in its beauty, and which I had kept ever after between the leaves of the book. I arranged

everything, in short, as far as possible to carry her mind back to the past, and in my own eagerness, I felt very much like a child again myself.

One thing, however, I avoided. Neither in the dinner I had ordered, nor in any of the arrangements, did I suffer any thing like great expense, or an attempt at display to appear. Everything was simple, though everything was comfortable and good. As I went about early in the morning, busying myself with a thousand trifles, I could see Father Bonneville's eyes following me, while a quiet smile played about his lips. I saw that he comprehended, in some degree at least, what was going on in my heart, and that he did not even care to conceal his amusement at the eagerness which, if he had ever known, he knew no longer.

The morning was as bright and beautiful as could be. Nature seemed to smile upon me. There might be a few clouds; but they were

only such as fancy brings over a happy heart. There had been a slight shower, indeed, in the night; but it had only sufficed to lay the dust, and soften the ground, and render the rich, unequalled verdure of England the more brilliant.

Our friends were to come to breakfast; and they appeared punctually at the hour. Oh, how warmly did I welcome them, and how happy did Mariette's presence make me there! The very memory of that day is so sweet, that I could dwell—even now—upon all the details with childish fondness. Fancy one of your own dreams of early delight, and spread it through a bright, glorious, summer-day, and you will comprehend the passing of the next twelve hours to me.

But I must pass over much of what we did. Monsieur de Salins was suffering a good deal—as I found was still frequently the case—from the effects of his old wounds. But he sat out

in the garden with Father Bonneville, while I and Madame de Salins and Mariette wandered about amongst the shrubs and flowers. Dinner had been ordered early, that we might not lose the cool of the evening for any ramble we might choose to take, and I suggested two or three little expeditions, all of which were determined upon in turn, but ultimately abandoned. To my surprise, however, I found at length that Mariette—though residing so long in the neighbourhood — had never visited a spot celebrated in history, and exquisitely beautiful in itself, but which has long since lost one of its best charms from the multitude which throng thither on a summer's day. I speak of Greenwich Park. Madame de Salins said that she had often thought of going thither with her daughter; but it was too far from their house for them to walk, and they could not afford a carriage. I pressed them both to go that evening: they were a mile nearer: we

had but to cross the heath—and then I proposed to send for the pony phæton, and drive them over. That, Madame de Salins would not hear off, and she feared the fatigue of a walk. Mariette looked a little disappointed perhaps; and her father—who had watched every look of his child's face with earnest affection—exclaimed:

"You two go, my children—Never mind us; we will enjoy ourselves here—there can be no objection, I suppose?" he added, turning to his wife.

"Oh none," replied Madame de Salins, at once. "She is as safe with Louis as with a brother."

It is but fair that Fortune—who so often amuses herself with putting out of joint our best devised schemes—should, at rare intervals, make us compensation thus by bringing about, through little accidents, that which we desire, but dare not hope for.

With Mariette's arm drawn through mine, we set out upon our walk across the heath. I fancied that I felt a tremor in her hand, and I was glad of it—although, after all, I am not sure that it did not increase my own.

It seemed as if the crisis of my fate was approaching, and I knew—I felt now, for the first time, what it is to love passionately, earnestly.

When I remembered my sensations in all the events which occurred at my marriage with poor Louise—deep, strong, earnest, as they were—my anxiety to spare her any pain—my ardent longing to give her any happiness—the tender, heartfelt desire to save, to cherish, and to comfort her—and compared them, by one of those brief, rapid, but comprehensive glances of the mind, with all I experienced at present, I comprehended at once that I had never really loved until now, and that, whatever she might think, I could give

to Mariette the first true offering of my heart. I had never known what it was to feel the sort of trepidation that now seized upon me. It was like a gambler's last throw. Everything seemed staked—hope, happiness, life itself, upon the decision of that hour. Wait? That was impossible. In the fiery eagerness that possessed my heart—in the passionate desire to know my fate, I would sooner have plunged into the sea than wait till the dawn of another day.

There are certainly means of communication between heart and heart—call them by what name you will—instincts—anything you please—which go far beyond words—run before them—indicate without audible words, or tangible signs, or even looks, that which is passing within one bosom to another in harmony with itself.

I had said nothing that I know of to make Mariette believe I loved her. My conduct to-

wards her had been unchanged since first we met.

I had been afraid to display, in any way, the feelings that were busy at my heart. But yet I am right certain that ere we passed the garden gate, she was conscious that her fate and mine depended on the words to be spoken during that walk. Yes—yes—yes—dear girl. Her hand trembled as it rested on my arm, and she kept a little farther from me than our early affection might have justified, as if there were some awe within her bosom at the decision which was to bring us so close to one another.

For a quarter of a mile, we did not say a word; and then I began any how—sure to bring the conversation round before I had done, to the one sole subject of my thoughts. I believe I talked great nonsense. I felt it at the time. I almost feared she would think I had drank too much wine; for I could not keep my

ideas fixed upon that of which I was speaking.

I soon found that utterly indifferent subjects would not do. I knew the worst part of the task that was before me, and I determined to approach it at once. Yet I did not succeed in my first attempt. I thought if I spoke of her father's situation, of my own anxious, longing desire that he and his should share in all I possessed, and if I tried to enlist her on my side in persuading him to yield any pride and prejudice which opposed my schemes, that it would naturally lead her to some enquiry as to the source of the means I possessed. I was mistaken however. This sort of abstract consideration seemed completely to restore her calmness.

She raised her beautiful eyes to mine, and said—

"I need not tell you, Louis, that if it depended upon me, there would need not another

word. I could be content to be dependent on your kindness—aye, and feel a sister's claim to it likewise—without doubt, or hesitation, or shame; and I believe my mother, too, would have few scruples. But I know my father; and I am certain he would rather dig as a common gardener than be indebted for assistance to any one."

She asked no questions. It seemed enough for her that I had the means of aiding her father, and that her father would not accept my aid.

I saw that I must try another course, and I changed the subject somewhat abruptly. I began to talk to her of my wanderings through Switzerland, of my sports in the mountains, of the battle of Zurich, of the danger of Father Bonneville, of my being trodden down by the Austrian soldiers, and lying for long weeks in the hospital.

She grew deeply interested in the details.

Her color came and went. Her eyes were now raised up, and sparkling, and now cast down and swimming in tears.

I told her of my journey to the north, of my seeking employment in vain, of my begging my way to the gates of Hamburgh. Her hand trembled again upon my arm, and her steps wavered.

We were now within the gates of the park, and entering a long, solitary chesnut walk, near the top of the steep hill, and I felt that with the agitation which pervaded my whole frame, and her shaking limbs, we could not go much further.

There was a bench near, beneath the wide spreading branches of one of the old trees, and I said—

"Come, let us sit down here, dear Mariette, and I will tell you the rest."

"Will you, Louis—will you?" she asked, with an earnestness I shall never forget.

My spirit rose and strengthened itself with the deep sense of what I owed to her, to myself, and to the dead.

"I will, Mariette," I answered. "I will tell you everything—every thought, every feeling, as if I were reading out of the book where they are all recorded."

She bent down her head very low, and seated beside her, I went on. My conscience tells me that I concealed nothing: that I laid my whole heart before her. But that which seemed to strike her most, was the gentle, tender love of poor Louise.

When I ended the tale with the dear girl's death, she seemed to have forgotten herself altogether, and gazing up in my face, with the look of a pitying angel, she said—

"Poor, poor Louise! How you must have loved her."

The blood rushed up into my cheeks, and I bent down my face as if to avoid her

gaze, murmuring what perhaps was too true—

"Not as much as she deserved!"

Mariette started, and I added rapidly—

"Do not mistake me, dear girl. I loved her well—very well—I never loved but one better. But I loved her not with that passionate earnestness—with that deep, intense, all absorbing affection which such devotion as hers well merited. I could have seen Louise wedded to another without despair, or agony, or death. I bore her father's rejection of me with easy, patient fortitude; and I could have put my hand to any act that would have made her happy. Oh, Mariette! Let poets and fiction writers say what they will, to render mortal love as intense as it may be, there must be a grain of mortal selfishness in it. Passion must be blended with affection; and I have learned —learned from another, that in true love there can be no happiness, no peace, no tranquillity, no life without the loved one."

She shook like an aspen; but her lips murmured—

"From whom?"

"You!" I answered.

"Oh, Louis, Louis," she answered. "Are we not both wronging her who is gone?"

"Both!"

That word was sufficient; but I would not hurt her feelings by catching at it as eagerly as my heart prompted. I took her hand gently and quietly in mine, and said, in a low tone—

"No, Mariette—no, dearest girl. I can never wrong her by telling you the truth. I have concealed nothing from you, my Mariette. I have not concealed from you my deep affection for her—my tenderness—my care of her—my bitter sorrow for her death. Why should I conceal anything else from you? Why should I not tell the truth in all as well as in a part? Why should I hide from you, that

though for a few short days I have been the husband of another, that though she had my esteem, my strong regard, my tenderest pity, my warm affection in a certain sense, I have never truly, really loved but you, from boyhood up to manhood—from my earliest memories to this present hour? Why should I not say to you that I have always thought of you, dreamed of you, looked for you, longed for you? Believe me, dear Mariette—believe me! If you do not, how can I prove it to you?"

She laid her hand gently upon mine, and looking up at me with a spring day face, with bright tears and saddened smiles, she said—

"The book and the violet. Do not, do not, dear Louis, think me so selfish as to be jealous in the least degree of your love for poor Louise. We will often talk of her; and when we are very, very happy ourselves, as I am

sure we shall be, we will think of her, and mourning for her sad and early fate, will feel our spirits chastened, and not drain the cup of happiness too eagerly."

I would have given worlds to have been in some dim, secluded place, where I might have thrown my arms around her, and pressed her to my heart, and told her all I felt; but I dared do no more than clasp her hand in mine in mute confirmation of the pledge her words implied.

She was mine: I was hers for ever.

But we were very silent for nearly a quarter of an hour, and then, with our senses somewhat more collected, and our hearts more still, we began to speak of all that was to follow.

I told her that on the ensuing day I should tell her father what had passed between us, and I asked, somewhat anxiously, if she thought his consent would be easily obtained.

She entertained not a doubt, she said; but yet the very suggestion seemed to startle her, and more than once, as we walked homeward, she fell into a fit of musing.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CONSENT.

When I went on the following day, not without some trepidation, I will own, to the little cottage inhabited by the Count de Salins, the servant girl informed me that he was far from well.

It was said in a tone of denial; but I begged her to tell him that I was there, and

wished much to speak with him for a few minutes. I was immediately admitted, and found him seated in his *robe de chambre* by a fire, though it was summer time. There were strong traces of suffering in his face; but he welcomed me kindly, saying, that the denial he directed the servant to give was not intended for me.

Not knowing what effect the communication I had to make might have upon him, I hesitated whether to say all I had intended; but he led the way to it in some degree himself, saying—

"I have sent dear Mariette out with her mother; for she seemed dull, and not quite well, and I am not very cheerful company to-day."

"Perhaps I can account, Monsieur de Salins," I replied, "for Mariette's being a little thoughtful;" and without giving myself time to pause or hesitate, I went on and told

him all at once, adding, as I saw he was a good deal agitated—"I would not have intruded this subject upon you to-day, but that I promised Mariette last night I would not lose a moment in making you acquainted with everything that had been said between us"

For three or four minutes he sat gazing steadfastly and sternly into the fire. Then starting up, he walked several times backward and forward in the room, gnawing his lip, and gazing, as it were, at vacancy.

I was sadly alarmed; for I evidently saw that Mariette had been mistaken in counting upon his ready consent, and I feared the result of the struggle which was evidently going on within him.

His silence lasted so long as to be quite terrible to me, and I watched him with an expression of eager apprehension, which he saw at once, as soon as he turned his eyes upon me. When

he did so, he advanced directly to me, took my hand, and wrung it hard.

"I feel like a scoundrel," he said, to my great surprise. "I feel like a scoundrel. But never mind, Monsieur de Lacy—never mind. She shall be yours, if you will answer me one or two questions sincerely, and as I could wish. I feel like a scoundrel; but those feelings shall not weigh with me."

"I will answer any questions, Monsieur de Salins," I replied, "without the slightest reserve."

"'Twas but a day or two ago," said Monsieur de Salins, "that you wished and proposed to share your fortune with us. I readily understood your feelings, and comprehended how the generosity of youth should wish, at any worldly sacrifice, to save from poverty and distress the friends and companions of childhood. Now, you tell me you love my daughter, and propose to marry her. Tell me, Count de Lacy

—before God and your conscience—are not the motives of your first proposal mingling with your second? "In a word," he continued vehemently: "is not charity—charity I say—at the bottom of the desire you now express?" And his eye ran haggerdly over the scanty furniture of his little room.

"Charity, Monsieur de Salins!" I exclaimed. "Charity between me and Mariette! Is there any thing I have on earth that is not hers? Oh, no, no. For heaven's sake do not entertain for one moment such very painful thoughts. Believe me," I added, "that I am moved by one feeling alone — the deepest, strongest affection; the warmest, the most passionate love towards that dear girl, who, as you say, was the friend and companion of my childhood; whom I loved then, and only love better, more warmly now. Surely, Monsieur de Salins, you forget what Mariette is, to suppose for an instant that I could seek her with any feeling but one."

A faint smile came upon his lip. "She is indeed very beautiful, and very sweet," he said; "but Father Bonneville tells me, Monsieur de Lacy, "that you have been married before."

"True," I answered; "and yet I have never loved any one as I love Mariette."

"Then she shall be yours," he said, thoughtfully—"then she shall be yours."

But I saw that there was still a reluctance and I said, "Listen to me for five minutes, and clear away all doubts regarding my former marriage from your mind."

He seated himself again in the chair before the fire, and I related to him succinctly and simply, all that had occurred at the time of my marriage with poor Louise. He listened attentively, and drew a deep sigh when I had done, repeating the words, "she shall be yours;" but adding, "notwithstanding every foolish prejudice."

"I do not understand you," I said, "although I am quite sure that no prejudice will weigh the Count de Salins. Nor do I comprehend how he could accuse himself at any moment of feeling like a scoundrel."

"My young friend," he said, slowly and impressively. "I look upon every man as a scoundrel, who does not act upon the principles he professes—upon the principles he knows to be just—I mean, of course, when he has time for deliberation; for every man, in human weakness, may commit, in a moment of passion, acts which his heart disavows, and which his conscience afterward condemns. But the man who hesitates to do what he knows to be right, from any motives which he cannot justify, feels like a scoundrel; and such was my case just now. I believed you to be well fitted to make Mariette happy. I felt that I ought to give my consent; and yet there was in my breast a struggle in which I could hardly conquer. Old

prejudices, absurd habitual feelings rose up against my reason and my sense of justice, and they nearly overcame me."

"But why." I asked in a sorrowful tone. "Is there anything I have ever done. Is there any act in my whole life that should exclude me from your good opinion?"

"None, none," he said, warmly. "Do not ask me for explanations; for all I can reply, is, that there is a history attached to your family, regarding which you have been brought up in ignorance, both for your own happiness, and the happiness of others. You will learn it some day—but not from me. However, Monsieur de Lacy, the struggle is at an end: Mariette shall be yours; but not just yet. She is very young, and it will be better to wait awhile. I feel my health failing me, it is true; and I have lately been very anxious for her mother and herself. She must be yours before I die, and then such anxiety will be at

an end. But I hope to linger on yet some time longer."

"Let me ask one question, Monsieur de Salins," I said. "Has the history attached to my family, which you mention, any reference to that Marquis de Carcassonne whom I saw in London?"

He bowed his head quietly, and setting my teeth hard, I said, in a resolute tone, "That shall be explained, if he and I live many days longer. The blood that flows in my veins, Monsieur de Salins—every feeling that animates my heart—tells me that I have nothing to fear from opening out all the acts of my father's life to the eyes of the whole world. I will endure this mystery no longer. If my father has been wronged—murdered, as I am told—it is for his son to do him right. If he has been traduced, it is for his son to justify his memory."

"I cannot deny it," said Monsieur de Salins;

" and I think they have acted wrong, and are acting wrong towards you. They think they are doing it for your good, I dare say—they think it is for your interests—for your future pecuniary advantage. But there is nothing should be so dear to any one as the memory of a parent, except, indeed, it be his own unspotted name. You have enough. I do not covet more for Mariette than I am told you possess. Strange as it may seem, I have learned from poverty to value wealth less than I used to do—But here comes my wife," he added, laying his hand kindly on my arm, " and our Mariette. I know their steps upon the little path. Oh, what music it is, the step of the loved, to the ear of sorrow and sickness."

It was music to my ear, too; and the moment after, Mariette and her mother were in the room.

The instant she saw me, the dear girl's cheek flushed, and then turned pale; but she was

not kept in suspense; for her father immediately threw his arm around her, and drawing her gently toward me, put her hand in mine: "Bless them, my dear wife," he said. "Bless them; for they are united."

Madame de Salins embraced us both with eager joy, and then threw her arms round her husband's neck, saying, "This is all I have most desired, my husband; for I am sure Louis will be to her all you have been to me."

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